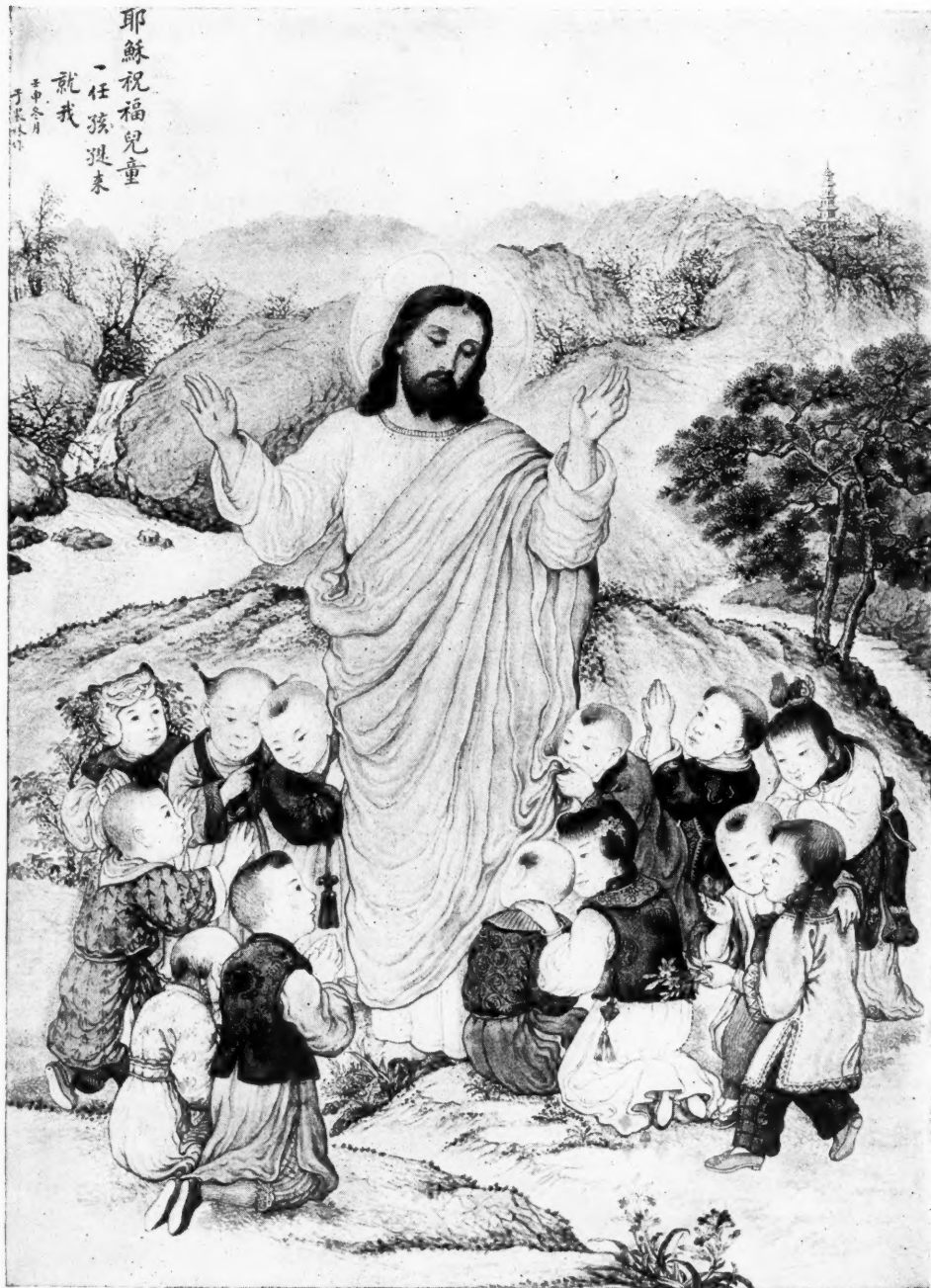


THE FIELD AFAR

MARYKNOLL



The Sacred Heart Draws the Little Ones of China

Universities, Colleges, and Schools

UNIVERSITIES FOR MEN

Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C.
University of Dayton, Dayton, Ohio

COLLEGES FOR MEN

Mt. St. Mary's College & Eccl. Sem., Emmitsburg, Md.
Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass.
Seton Hall College, South Orange, N. J.
Niagara University, College & Eccl. Sem.,
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

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St. Xavier College, 4928 Xavier Pk., Chicago, Ill.
Barat College & Academy of Sacred Heart,
Lake Forest, Ill.
Rosary College, River Forest, Ill.
College of Notre Dame of Maryland, Baltimore, Md.
St. Joseph's College, Emmitsburg, Md.
College of St. Teresa, Winona, Minn.
Maryville College,
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College & Academy of St. Elizabeth, Convent Sta., N. J.
Georgian Court College, Lakewood, N. J.
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College of Mt. St. Vincent-on-Hudson, N. Y. C.
Pius X School of Liturgical Music, College of the Sacred
Heart, 133rd St. & Convent Ave., N. Y. C.
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College Misericordia, Dallas, Pa.
Seton Hill College, Greensburg, Pa.
Rosemont College, Rosemont, Pa.

PREPARATORY SCHOOLS FOR BOYS

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Mount St. Michael's,
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Venard Camp, Maryknoll Preparatory College,
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5448 Cabanne Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
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630 Riverside Drive, N. Y. C.
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The Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America

Most Rev. James Anthony Walsh, M. Ap., Superior General

THE FIELD AFAR

THIS paper is the organ of the Society at home and abroad. It is issued monthly except in the summer when a special enlarged July-August number is published.

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MARYKNOLL

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Established by action of the United States Hierarchy, assembled at Washington, April 27, 1911.

Authorized by His Holiness Pius X, at Rome, June 29, 1911. Final Approval by Pope Pius XI, May 7, 1930.

"Maryknoll", in honor of the Queen of Apostles, has become the popular designation of the Society.

Object—to train Catholic missionaries for the heathen, with the ultimate aim to develop a native clergy in lands now pagan.

Priests, students, and Auxiliary Brothers compose the Society.

Auxiliary Brothers participate as teachers, trained nurses, office assistants, and skilled workmen.

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Central Administration and Seminary are at Ossining (Maryknoll P. O.), New York, about thirty miles north of the metropolis. Students in the seminary make the usual six-year course in Philosophy and Theology.

Maryknoll Preparatory Colleges—These are at Clarks Summit, Pennsylvania; Cincinnati, Ohio; and Los Altos, California.

Maryknoll Procures are located as follows:

New York City, at 16 East 48th St.

San Francisco, Calif., at 1492 McAllister St., corner of Scott.

Los Angeles, Calif., at 1220 South Alvarado St.

Seattle, Wash., at 1603 East Jefferson St.

Maryknoll Japanese Missions.
At Los Angeles, Calif., Maryknoll Fathers 426 South Boyle Ave.; or

Maryknoll Convent, 425 South Boyle Ave. At San Juan, Calif., Maryknoll Fathers, San Juan Bautista Mission. At Seattle, Wash., Maryknoll Convent, 507 Seventeenth Ave.

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Probationary (Novitiate)

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P. O. address: Bedford, Mass.
Telephone: Billerica 708

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For Bishop Walsh and Priests—
Catholic Mission, Kongmoon, Kwangtung, China

For Fr. Meyer and Priests—
Catholic Mission, Pingnam, Kwangsi, China

For Msgr. Ford and Priests—
Catholic Mission, Kaying, via Swatow, China

For Msgr. Lane and Priests—
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For Sisters of Manchuria—
Tenshudo, Dairen, Manchuria

For Sisters in Hong Kong—
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For Sisters—
Maryknoll Convent,
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Members share in almost nine thousand Masses offered yearly by Maryknoll priests, and are remembered daily in the several Maryknoll communities. Members also share in the labors, sacrifices, and privations of the missionaries.

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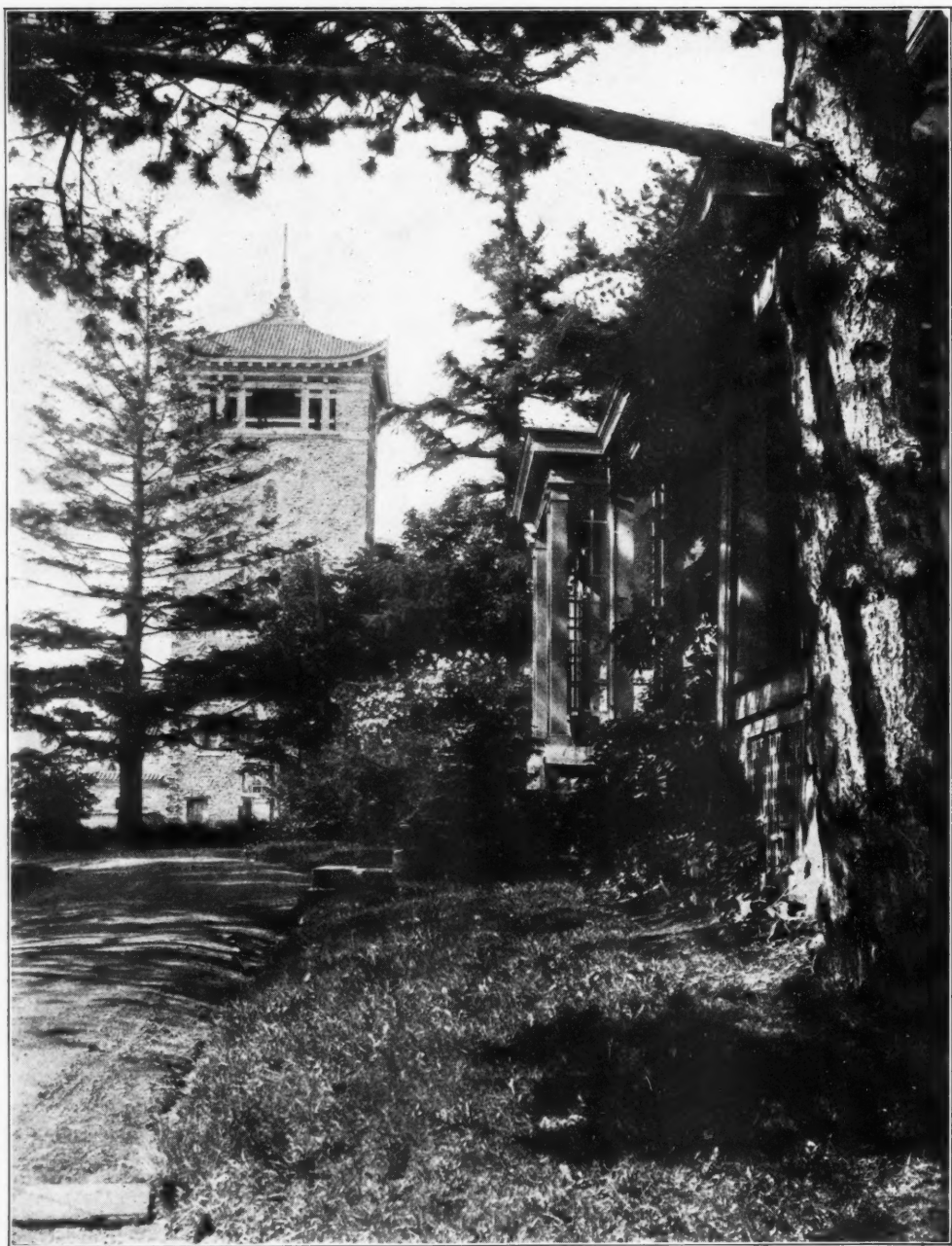
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I hereby give, devise, and bequeath unto the **Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc., (Maryknoll)**

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The Maryknoll Seminary Tower From St. Michael's

St. Michael's (in the foreground) was in 1912 the Society's Pro-Seminary. Later, under the title of Rosary House, it served temporarily as the Maryknoll Sisters' Motherhouse; and at present a fine group of our Auxiliary Brothers call it "home, sweet home".



THE FIELD AFAR

JUNE, 1934



New Laborers For The Great Harvest



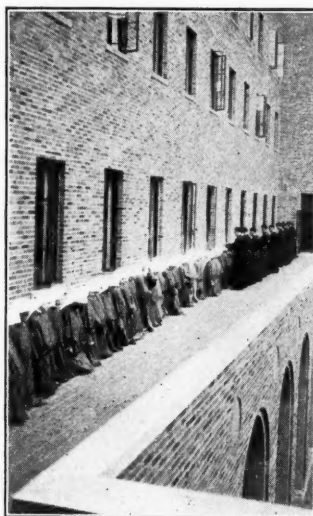
At Maryknoll the Seminary harvests are reaped in June—time is counted from ordination to ordination, the supreme event of the year being the conferring of Holy

Orders on the deacon class. This month of June this supreme honor, with its priestly powers, is bestowed on eighteen of our seminarians who have reached their goal *at last*, after eighteen years of "school".

To our congratulations on their being so intimately associated with the priesthood of Christ, let us join the assurance of our prayers; for, while they have indeed reached the "goal" of their studies, it is but the starting point of their life-work, to minister to pagan souls now in the darkness of unbelief. May these newly-ordained serve their Divine Master well, and bring goodly flocks to the spiritual fold of love and life eternal with the Good Shepherd of souls. These ordinandi are:

Rev. Thomas F. Nolan
(New York, N. Y.)
Rev. Joseph C. Burns
(Toledo, Ohio)
Rev. James E. Fitzgerald
(Medford, Mass.)
Rev. Donat Chatigny
(Amesbury, Mass.)
Rev. Cyrill J. Kramar
(Youngstown, Ohio)
Rev. Bernard T. Welch
(Fitchburg, Mass.)
Rev. Patrick C. Toomey
(Waterbury, Conn.)
Rev. Clement P. Boesflug
(Bismarck, N. D.)
Rev. Raymond C. Hohlfeld
(Hastings, Nebr.)
Rev. Edmund L. Ryan
(East Boston, Mass.)
Rev. Edward C. Youker
(Syracuse, N. Y.)
Rev. Francis W. Keelan
(Waverly, Mass.)
Rev. William M. Mackesy
(Lynn, Mass.)
Rev. George D. Haggerty
(St. Johnsville, N. Y.)

Rev. Francis J. O'Neill
(Narragansett, R. I.)
Rev. John F. Donovan
(Newport, R. I.)
Rev. J. Joseph Daly
(Worcester, Mass.)



NEWLY ORDAINED MARYKNOLL PRIESTS GIVE THEIR BLESSING AT THE SISTERS' MOTHER HOUSE. THE LINEUP OF MARYS OF MARYKNOLL IS NOW A LENGTHY ONE, AND ONLY THE NOVICE SECTION OF IT IS HERE VISIBLE

Rev. Timothy J. Daley
(Palmer, N. Y.)

Apostles All—

MIGHT one naturally expect that, for the families of our young priests, in particular the mothers and fathers, the bright

joys of ordination day would become somewhat shaded by the vision of the separation soon to follow?

If such a shadow there be, never in all of Maryknoll's ordinations has it been manifest. These parents who have already made the sacrifice of giving their son to God are too deeply imbued with the Faith to stint their generosity with regrets for personal loss. Theirs too is the joy of oblation to God; and perhaps theirs is the greater offering, the greater sacrifice, for, unlike their missionary son, they are not to be enthused with the visions of a new life in a new world, strange, perhaps exciting, certainly appealing. No, to them what the vista of the future shows most vividly is the absence of their priestly son, his loss from the family; yet that is an absence, a loss, to be sustained for the love of Christ, and so there is begotten in their hearts a compensating joy of sacrifice—the supreme content of giving one's very treasure to the Sacred Heart.

The Bishop of Okayama

AMONG our recent visitors we were happy to have the Bishop of Okayama, Japan. Bishop Ross, a German Jesuit, is in appearance the twin-brother of the "traditional missionary", perhaps because he is himself the traditional missionary—enthusiastic, capable, farsighted, yet practical.

Though his stay was all too brief, he graciously devoted an hour of it to a conference with the students, telling of mission requirements in general, and in particular of conditions within his home mission vicariate.

Tall, spare, one might say gaunt, bronzed and bearded, he made a striking figure as he celebrated Holy Mass in our tiny missionary chapel. Perhaps by the time he

THE ANNUITY PLAN

THE missionary builds for eternity. Do you?

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GOING THEREFORE, TEACH YE ALL NATIONS.

visits us again, we shall be able to ask him to pontificate in a finished chapel, but—Is this another story?

That Mission Trunk—

THOUGH the newly ordained are reasonably ecstatic, nor easily concerned with this grubby vale of tears, yet even the most casual spectator could not fail to note how spontaneously they sniff the air at the word "trunk". Their reaction to that particular stimulus would surely give them an easy 100% in an I.Q. test.

The reason for the selfsame, O Theophilus, is that "trunk" to a new missionary is as home-sweet-home to the bride. The outgoing apostle is going to live in his trunk; it will hold his typewriter and his toothbrush, his bedroom and his library, his drug store and his carpenter shop, in short, as a Bostonian would say, his sum total of mundane impedimenta.

Now, it is not always an easy or a thankful task to secure a proper empty trunk and fill it to repletion with the proper useful stuffing. It calls for ingenuity and tact; it calls for an unrestrained initiative on the part of the "collector"; above all, it calls for unlimited generosity on the part of friends who respond, and unlimited forbearance on the part of dispossessed family folks.

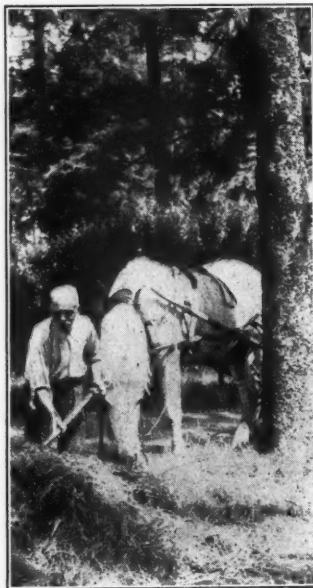
After all, who can blame the new padres? They are soon to leave for the other end of the earth, and, if that trunk isn't filled with helpful things before the steamer sails, then will its aching void remain forever. Now is the acceptable time!

Tony—

A GROUP of students were returning from a walk to one of the peaceful pre-Revolutionary hamlets about Maryknoll, when they spied "San Pedro" patiently munching grass at the side of the road with a wagon load of old iron behind him. "San Pedro" so near, the lads knew that their old friend, Tony, would not be far away, so

they peered into the neighboring brush. There, sure enough, was Tony; but they did not speak to him, for he, with a well-worn Italian prayer book in his hand, was already speaking to Someone.

This sunny little man, with his grizzled hair and laughing eyes, has long been a visitor at Maryknoll—a buyer of junk, but a giver of more than he buys. Many a time we have requisitioned a spare part from the mountain of junk



WHEN WELL-GROOMED AND WELL-FED "SAN PEDRO" IS NEAR, MARYKNOLLERS KNOW THAT THEIR OLD FRIEND TONY IS NOT FAR AWAY

behind Tony's house. And never does he come to Maryknoll without a gift in kind—a bag of fruit for the Sisters, a pocketful of nuts for Brothers or students, or, as a feast day approaches, a paper of treasured macaroni for the "Vescovo" Walsh himself.

Tony is fond of America, his country now, but he pities her too,

"FRIENDS indeed" of the mission cause are those who secure new subscribers for *The Field Afar*.

for her people don't seem to know such wonderful things as they do in Italy, where every tree and rock speaks of angels and saints that holy eyes have seen.

And somehow, next to being Tony himself, we would like to be the ones for whom Tony says most of his prayers!

The Bedford Maryknoll—

IN Bedford, hard by Boston of tea party memory, the Maryknoll Novitiate is fast throwing off the shackles of history, and, around the renovated nucleus of what once were barns and stables, is building up a diary of current events that betoken busy hours and happy days. Novitiate tradition is off to a perfect start!

Apart from their endeavors, in prayers and conferences and chapel visits, to become worthy of the vocation to which they are called, these young novices are also acquiring an enviable dexterity in the washing of dishes, the pruning of trees and the building of durable roadways.

That is to say—side roads, minor roads, in and about the property. As for the main road, the public highway, that of course is inviolate, for tradition consecrates it to the memory of Paul Revere's mare's patriotic hoofs. Alas, never more will her thundering gallop re-echo from the soft, sandy roadbed; never more will wondering citizenry point out in whispers where she skidded on the turn from Bedford village in 2:01 flat; but even though it is now the prosaic phone that gives helpful warning of income tax examiners, yet will Paul's mare never be forgotten at the Novitiate, for doth not tradition still point out her hoof-prints in that detour around the Maryknoll barn? Gadzooks—Oddsfish!

Now that the snow of an old fashioned winter has melted away from the door mat, we hope that visitors will see the WELCOME printed there in greeting. Maryknoll began in Boston, and has countless friends throughout the

WHOSOEVER SHALL LOSE HIS LIFE FOR MY SAKE

great missionary archdiocese; and Maryknoll-in-Bedford is ever ready to welcome them for a visit, to tell them "the latest, from the missions", and to show them "the latest, FOR the missions"—novices in *re*, but missionaries in *spe*.

Camp Venard

THE *Vénard Summer Camp* has become a habit, and a very good one. Its advantages have been proved; and the yearly return of the youngsters is its best compliment.

The number of campers is limited to fifty, so that each boy can receive a full measure of guidance and attention. The Camp is not organized for profit, and its terms are as a consequence very reasonable (see back cover).

After last year's season the Reverend Director of our *Vénard Camp* received many appreciative letters from parents of the campers, from which we quote the following extracts:

Bill's stay at Camp was certainly very profitable, both physically and spiritually, and I sincerely hope he will be back at the Camp this coming season.—*Philadelphia, Pa.*

I am very pleased with both Jackie and Tommy, and feel the camp has done them a world of good. Both are very enthusiastic about the summer they had.—*Scranton, Pa.*

I think it is really a *privilege* for boys to be able to attend Camp Venard.—*Maplewood, N. J.*

You should get several additional customers through George. Since his return home he has never ceased talking of Camp.—*Philadelphia, Pa.*

I am very grateful to you for the interest you took in Hugh during his stay at the Camp. He is now much improved in health and is back at his studies in high school.—*Astoria, L. I.*

BOOKS RECEIVED

The World's Stage:
Oberammergau, 1934—

A book about the Passion Play, its history, its meaning, and its people, by Raymond Tift Fuller. For all who are planning to visit Oberammergau this

A Maryknoller Is Called Home



Father Francis
A. Bridge, M.M.,
who died
April 18, 1934

AS we go to press word reaches us of the death in St. Mary's Hospital, San Francisco, of our Father Francis Bridge. The soul of this zealous apostle went to God on April 18, the Solemnity of St. Joseph, Patron of the dying.

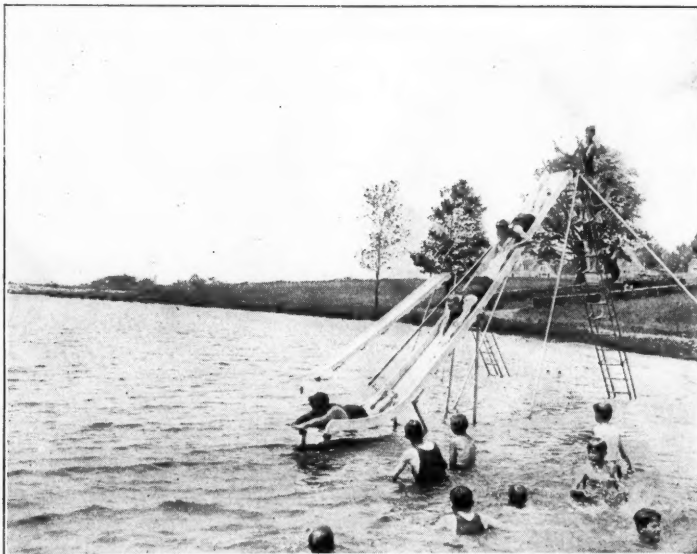
Father Bridge, whose parents live in Midland, Pa., was born in 1895. Before entering our Vénard Preparatory College he worked as mine foreman, and during the World War was a sergeant in Base Hospital No. 78, Toul, France. He was ordained to the priesthood at Maryknoll in 1928, acted as Procurator at the Center for a year, and was assigned to Manchuria in 1929. His brief mission career was spent in unremitting labor for God and souls. He returned in the spring of 1933, broken in health, but entirely forgetful of self and to the last hoping for the time "when I shall be able to return to my Christians".

Father Bridge's body is being brought East to rest in the Maryknoll God's Acre. Our next issue will contain a fuller account of a life which might be summed up in the words: *The Charity of Christ urged him.*

year Mr. Fuller's book will be a most useful guide. Published by Robert M. McBride and Company, 4 West Sixteenth Street, New York City. Price \$1.

Three Tekakwitha Plays—

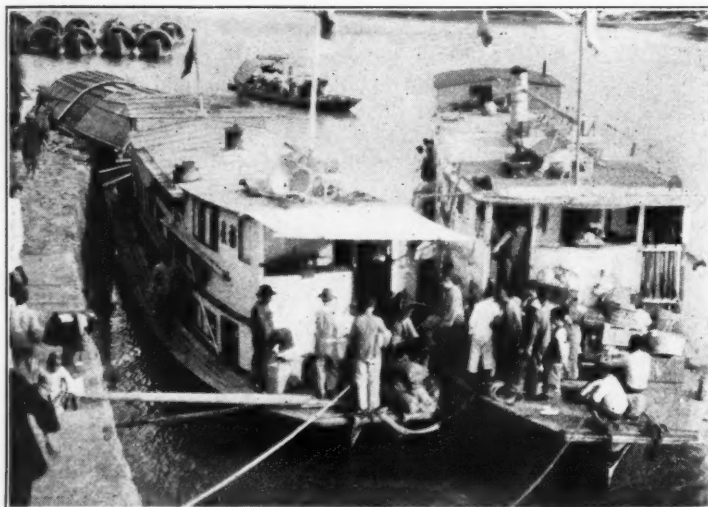
Published by the Tekakwitha League,
141 East 29th Street, New York, N. Y.
Price \$1.00.



THE VÉNARD SUMMER CAMP HAS BECOME A HABIT, AND A VERY GOOD ONE. THE YEARLY RETURN OF THE CAMPERS IS ITS BEST COMPLIMENT

AND THE GOSPEL. SHALL SAVE IT.

Convent Beginnings in Hakkaland



THE YEU SAN, WHICH CARRIED THE MARYKNOLL SISTERS AND THE CHINESE SISTERS-TO-BE UP THE RIVER FROM CHAO CHOW FU, WAS A FAITHFUL COUNTERPART OF THE BOATS IN THIS PICTURE

IN the northeastern part of the Maryknoll Kaying Prefecture in northeastern Kwangtung Province, South China, is Siaolok, a hill town of the Hakka Chinese. Fukien Province, noted as being a com-

munic homestead, is near at hand, and the surrounding inhospitable hills offer the kind of welcome which bandits find appealing. In Siaolok itself, however, the Maryknoll Fathers have a real



"EVERYWHERE WE SAW WOMEN AND CHILDREN WORKING IN THE FIELDS WITH THE CRUEDEST SORT OF IMPLEMENTS"

church, a fair-sized compound and a representative group of parishioners, most of whom live near the church and show their loyalty to the local missionaries by faithful attendance at all parish exercises and unflinching attention to all parish movements. The majority are women whose husbands have emigrated to the port cities of China or to other lands to earn their living; for the rocky earth has yielded grudgingly and meanly to the labor of the Hakkas and, to live, many have had to seek their fortune elsewhere.

To this little walled-in community have come four Maryknoll Sisters, two still tongue-tied by their ignorance of the Hakka speech. With these Sisters returned thirteen little Hakka maids, candidates for the religious life, who have been under the Sisters' guidance in Hong Kong during those years when it was neither safe nor sane to stay in the Siaolok convent.

How the Sisters and their charges tied up traffic and provided a free circus parade for small boys on the journey from Hong Kong to Siaolok has been related as follows by Sister Joan Miriam Beauvais, of Worcester, Mass., a recent "departant", a new missionary, and a former Circle Director:

The Day of the Exodus to Siaolok!
At three in the afternoon the procession started, while a movie camera clicked busily to record the beginning of this new foundation. First came the candidates, then the four Maryknollers who were Hakka-bound, Sisters Dolores, Joan Miriam, Anthony Marie and Rosalia, followed by Sister Paul and some of the Kowloon Sisters. Meanwhile the Holy Spirit School Sisters and their pupils lined up to see us off; they sang, very well too, *Mother of Christ and Maryknoll*, and there were some misty eyes in the group.

Later the School Sisters joined us at the boat to bid us Godspeed. We were two hours late in getting off, and some of the Sisters stayed bravely on to the last, waving good-bye to us, until their figures blended with the evening mists.

EVERY ONE OF YOU THAT DOTH NOT RENOUNCE ALL

Then we realized that we were really off for Hakkaland.

The overnight trip to Swatow was uneventful. When we were ready to dock in Swatow at noon everyone appeared smiling and ready for the next adventure. We found waiting for us the Procurator of the Paris Foreign Mission Fathers, who was sent to escort us to the Ursuline convent where we were to spend the day and night. It took twenty-three rickshas to transport us and you can imagine the excitement we caused! All we needed was the brass band. We arrived at the convent just as the children were coming to school, so we were able to give them a treat too. We were warmly received by the Sisters, some of whom hail from America and Canada; and we were soon doing justice to a fine meal.

The following morning the candidates picked up their beds and the Sisters their various bundles, and the next lap of the journey was started. This time we were bound for the train to Chao Chow Fu, an hour's ride. While we were waiting for our train the usual crowd gathered and discussed us to their complete satisfaction and to our considerable embarrassment. Much to our amazement and delight the train was nearly on time, and we were soon speeding through the Chinese countryside. We had now left behind us all Western architecture; and we passed walled villages, towns of one-story mud houses, rice and sugar cane fields, and orange orchards. Everywhere we saw women and children working in the fields, with the crudest sort of implements. Every hillside was dotted with graves, some of them very old.

Father Favre, the pastor of Chao Chow Fu, boarded the train at the second stop before we reached our destination; he was to be the host of Father Downs, while we were to stay with the Ursuline Sisters who conduct mission activities in that city also. This Father is quite a hero as he risked his life to save that of Father Waguette, who was captured by bandits and whose story appeared in *THE FIELD AFAR*. The usual crowd followed us to the mission compound, where we were welcomed by three Ursuline Sisters, one Chinese, one Italian, and the other French. We had

TWO TITLES FOR YOUR WILL

**Catholic Foreign Mission
Society of America, Incorporated.**

**Foreign Mission Sisters of
St. Dominic, Incorporated.**

Give both to your lawyer.

expected to embark immediately after dinner on the steam launch which Father Downs had chartered, but we were told that it could not make the trip be-



THE TWO LATEST CANDIDATES AT THE SIAOLOK CONVENT ARE RADIANTLY HAPPY IN THEIR NEW SURROUNDINGS. BOTH ARE FROM THE TOWN OF SIAOLOK, AND WEAR THE TYPICAL HAKKA HEADRESS

cause the water was too low, so we were glad to accept the Sisters' offer of hospitality for the night.

In the evening we were given an entertainment by the little orphan girls, and it was delightful. The climax came when one tiny tot of six read a long address from a red scroll with all the dignity of a college valedictorian, and

LASTING SOUVENIRS

Maryknoll books appeal to eye and mind and heart. Their prices are graded to fit all pocketbooks.

See page 192

another tinier Miss of four staggered up to Sister Dolores with a huge bouquet which was presented amid bows from all her companions.

The next morning we made a tour of the compound and were impressed by the great amount of good being done by these three Sisters with the help of some Chinese Virgins. They have a school, an orphanage, a crèche, and a dispensary, as well as an industrial school; and they told us that they received as many as twelve abandoned babies on some days. Then we went for a sight-seeing trip about the city, which is entirely Chinese and very interesting. We almost tied up traffic at one corner, and it took two soldiers and a policeman to get the crowd moving; but a group of small boys were not so easily discouraged and continued to escort us. They enjoyed us as much as our small American lads do a circus parade.

We were delighted upon our return to the convent to be told that Father Downs had succeeded in getting a smaller launch to take us up the river, so immediately after dinner we started out for the riverbank, where we found the *Yeu San* waiting for us. It was not exactly a millionaire's private yacht, but it looked as though it might go, and that was all that mattered. It was too small to carry our baggage, but towed a sampan on which this was piled. After several hours of getting ready, we finally got started. We had, as a protection against possible bandits, an escort of six soldiers, who promptly made themselves comfortable by doffing guns and uniforms and, for the rest of the journey, appeared in sunset-colored underwear. One artistic person tried to entertain us by singing the weirdest songs and some of us got so desperate about it that we almost wished for bandits, but evidently the songs were effective in keeping even them away.

There were two cabins, each about 9 x 10. One had to serve the Sisters and the Sisters-to-be as refectory, sitting room, and dormitory, so it was a bit crowded; however, to Maryknollers, that was nothing new, and we managed nicely. A foot-wide shelf, or bench, which ran around the room served very well as upper berths for eight of us,

THAT HE POSSESSETH CANNOT BE MY DISCIPLE.



THE SANCTUARY IN THE SIAOLOK CHURCH HAS BEEN REMODELED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, AND IS NOW AN INTERESTING EXAMPLE OF THE ADAPTATION OF CHINESE ART TO CHRISTIAN PURPOSES. SIAOLOK, WITH ITS LARGE BODY OF CATHOLICS SEVERAL GENERATIONS IN THE FAITH, IS AN EXCELLENT PLACE FOR MISSION BEGINNINGS. BESIDES THE PIONEER HAKKA CONVENT, IT ALSO HARBORS THE KAYING PREFECTURE LANGUAGE SCHOOL FOR NEW MISSIONERS

while the rest had lowers on the floor. One Sister's feet extended a few inches outside the door, otherwise there would have been exactly enough room. A smoky lantern swinging from the ceiling furnished a bit of light, and it revealed a picture that many of us will never forget. We cooked our own meals and enjoyed them more than if the menu had been elaborate.

We had no definite expectations as to our arrival at Tsungkow, where we

were to change to a bus; but, as the distance was only about ninety-three miles and we had left on Friday afternoon, we hoped to arrive by Saturday night. Instead we tied up Saturday night at Sam Ho Pa, which is Father McCormack's mission, and is only about half way to Tsungkow. Father Downs sent his "boy" for a Mass kit in order that we might have Mass on Sunday morning, and in a short time the Chinese returned with Monsignor Ford and

Father McCormack. We had a pleasant visit in our salon, but our guests left early as they had a long distance to walk.

It was wonderful to have Mass the next morning, and we were all struck forcibly with the condescension of Our Lord, Who did not disdain to come down to such dingy surroundings. A small, dirty room packed with kneeling figures, a green clad celebrant before an altar made of suitcases, and at every barred window the peering faces of the soldiers and crew who were curious to know what was going on—all this made an unforgettable picture, and will remain for us a memory of God's goodness to His children.

The monotony of the journey was broken by the excitement of getting on and off sand bars, but we had a bit too much of it on Sunday, when we spent a good part of the day on one. We were finally made to get on the sampan in order to lighten the load, and this worked at last, but not for long, as it was decided that the water was now too shallow for the boat to proceed. We tied up for the night while Father's "boy" made arrangements for us to be transferred in the morning to the sampan carrying our baggage, and, after much talk in which everyone on our boat and on the neighboring sampans contributed advice and suggestions, it was agreed that we should arise at four o'clock in the morning in order to get an early start. We arose all right, but the crew of the sampan did not. When Father's "boy" tried to rouse them he was told it was too dark, and they continued to sleep while we cooled our heels in the cold, grey dawn. Finally, at six-thirty, they started. We had only about ten miles to go, but it took us nearly three hours as the men had to pole against the current, which was very swift in places.

Father Donaghy is pastor of Tsungkow, but he was away on a mission trip. However, one of his women catechists was at the river to meet us, and led us through a long stretch of country to the mission. Father Downs said Mass there; then we had a combination breakfast and lunch. The cook made a raid on Father's canned goods and we hope he left some, though we have our doubts.

Father Downs had hired a bus to take us to Siao-lok, and by one o'clock we were ready to start the last lap of our journey. The road was new, having been laid less than a year ago, and neither it nor the bus was the last word in comfort. Our chauffeur kept the bus at top speed over ruts, rickety bridges, and up and down the twisting mountain trails, but we finally did arrive at Siao-lok without any broken bones.

We were met by the priests of the mission, Brother Augustine, and a number of the Christians. The usual fire-crackers were set off, and we were escorted to the church, where Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given. After this we went to our convent, where a group of little girls who had been trained by Father Hilbert sang a song of welcome; then we were shown around our new home, winding up in the refectory where we found a tempting lunch thoughtfully prepared for us by the Fathers.

In the evening we went to the church for Rosary devotions, and nine o'clock found us all weary enough, but happy that our journeyings were over and that we were home at last. So, if our prayers were said a bit sleepily, they came none the less from very grateful hearts.

IN THANKSGIVING

I MADE the *Novena of Grace* and received a favor through it. The enclosed offering is for a Mass of thanksgiving.—*Huntington Park, Calif.*

Please publish again in *THE FIELD AFAR* my gratitude to St. Anthony of Padua for further favors received through his intercession.—*Los Angeles, Calif.*

BOOKS RECEIVED

The New Interpretation of the Mass—

By the Rev. Henry Borgmann, C.S.S.R., author of "Libica". Published by John Murphy Co., 200 W. Lombard Street, Baltimore, Md.

Nos Missionnaires d'Extreme-Orient—

An account of his most recent visitation of the far-flung mission fields of the Paris Foreign Mission Society by Archbishop de Guébriant, the Superior General. Published by the Paris Foreign Mission Society, 128 rue du Bac, Paris, France.

ENTRANCE CONDITIONS

MAJOR SEMINARY

ADMITTANCE to the *Philosophy Course* calls for the equivalent of six years of Latin, i. e., four years of high school and two of college courses.

Admittance to the *Probatorium* is allowed after two years of Philosophy; made either at Maryknoll, or in an outside college.

Admittance to the *Theology Course* follows on the above.

Other requirements are: *Satisfactory recommendations; Certificates of Baptism, Confirmation, and of parents' marriage; An ardent desire to save souls; The spirit of sacrifice and prayer; Special attraction to foreign missions; Strength of mind and body; Adaptability; Perseverance in study, and at least average talent.*

PREPARATORY COLLEGES

MARYKNOLL has Preparatory Schools at Clarks Summit, Pa.; Mt. Washington, Cincinnati, O.; and Los Altos, Calif.

Students are accepted after two years of high school. Boys in lower grades who feel drawn to the life of a foreign missionary are invited to take up correspondence with Maryknoll.

The requirements are: *Satisfactory recommendations from pastor and school; Certificates of Baptism, Confirmation, and parents' marriage; Physician's certificate of health.*

For terms and further information, address:

**THE MOST REV. SUPERIOR GENERAL
MARYKNOLL ::: NEW YORK**

Thanksgiving After Holy Communion—

By Daniel A. Lord, S.J. Published by The Queen's Work, 3742 West Pine Boulevard, St. Louis, Mo. Price ten cents.

Into Life—

A religious play in one act, by Thomas P. Rolf. Published by The Catholic Dramatic Movement, 1511 W. Wisconsin Avenue, Milwaukee, Wis. Price twenty cents.

US TO DESIRE ALWAYS THAT WHICH IS MOST PERFECT.



Japanese of Chinnampo

By Fr. Leo Steinbach, of Chariton, Iowa, Maryknoll missionary in Korea



JAPANESE in the Maryknoll Korean Mission number about 87,000 of whom some 25,000 live in Heijo (Peng Yang), and about 6,000 in Chinnampo, with 6,000 or more in Shingishu. A mere handful of Catholics are scattered among this number. Maryknoll has begun special work for the Japanese of Peng Yang, Chinnampo, and Shingishu, and entrusted the direction of this mission activity to Fr. Joseph Hunt, formerly of Brookline, Mass. Father Hunt meets with much kindness and good will in his dealings with the Japanese of Korea; and he is convinced that, when the Mission will be able to spare an adequate number of priests and sufficient funds for this work, a rich harvest of souls may be confidently expected.

The following glimpses of the Japanese Mission at Chinnampo are given by Fr. Leo Steinbach, of Chariton, Ia., who was appointed to assist Fr. Hunt. Fr. Steinbach writes:

Summer has come to the *Chosen* Land (Japanese name for Korea), and everyone is taking interest in a flower garden. A Japanese home without a little cluster of flowers is unimaginable. Even the children of the public school have a small section assigned to them for the raising of flowers.

The back yard of our mission is quite tiny, but we also have our flowers. A

group of children and I have spent many an hour together in sowing the seed—transplanting, weeding, and waiting for God to bless our labors.



Fr. Leo J. Steinbach, M.M.,
of Chariton, Iowa

A Future St. Francis Xavier—

A little Japanese Catholic boy who has been staying at the mission for over a month is helping me to instruct the children. His people are in moderate circumstances, and have kept the Faith in successive generations from the days of St. Francis Xàvier. The lad desires to be a priest and even a saint, like the Apostle of the Orient, the first missionary to Japan. It is his ambition to preach the Gospel throughout Japan, then to cross over to Manchuria, and finally to shed his blood for the Faith in Russia.

My future St. Francis Xavier is among the cleverest boys in his class of

ONE DOLLAR

This modest sum will purchase an interesting and inspiring biography, well printed and attractively bound in cloth. There are six subjects, and any or all will make acceptable gifts.

See page 192

seventy at the public school, and the only Catholic. He never loses an opportunity to preach the Gospel, and recently prevented a fight among his pagan schoolmates by telling how Christ bore His injuries and sufferings.

When someone said to him that life in the seminary would be difficult, he replied that he would rejoice and thank God in proportion to the sufferings he would receive. He will enter the minor seminary next year, and thus deprive me of a splendid Mass server, preacher of the Gospel, and intimate friend.

Shinto Nuns—

This morning a couple of Shinto nuns who happened to be in the neighborhood called on us. They attract plenty of attention with their strange garb, their ringing of bells, their unintelligible prayers, and their clever fortune telling. Needless to say they expected a stipend, but we excused ourselves.

We have often been embarrassed by Shinto and Buddhist bonzes who enter the mission and begin their incantations before we can tell them that we have no need of their prayers. These bonzes and nuns receive a stipend in most homes.

Father Taguchi—

Much interest in the Catholic Church has been roused at Chinnampo owing to a public lecture given by Father Taguchi. This brilliant young Japanese priest studied in Rome, where he was awarded three doctorate degrees.

The city supplied the hall for Father Taguchi's lecture, and newspapers throughout the Empire carried an account of the event. Our only expense was the advertising in the form of hand bills, which amounted to about one American dollar. The attendance was most gratifying, and I noticed in the audience a Buddhist bonze and a Japanese Methodist preacher.

The Chinnampo officials were pleased and surprised with what they heard. They were struck with the ideals which are common to the Catholic Church and the Japanese Government. Father Taguchi brought out the fact that both hold that a man without belief in the supernatural and the life beyond the grave entailing reward or punishment cannot be a good citizen, and that communism, birth control, and divorce are

LOVE COMPLAINS NOT OF IMPOSSIBILITY,

among the greatest enemies of the state today.

Father Taguchi is making a lecture tour through Korea and Manchuria during his "vacation". He is anxious to return to Tokyo where, besides editing a Catholic weekly, he also has charge of three magazines and gives public lectures twice a week.

The New Chapel—

Shortly after Father Taguchi's visit, we moved into our new chapel. It seems like a palace, compared to the old house. Father Taguchi, who has seen a number of other missions, was very much astounded when he saw for the first time our old mission; and his admiration of it did not increase as he attempted to prepare the outline of his lecture under the heat of its tin roof.

Two families, our neighbors at the new mission, gave us presents to commemorate our entrance into the neighborhood. Both families are Japanese Methodists. The father of one of the families is a teacher, and the father of the other a pilot in the Chinnampo harbor. I called on the latter this evening, and found him reading the Bible. He is most sincere in his belief, and gives evidence of it by his generosity to the Methodist preacher.

A Sunday Custom—

Today, according to their Sunday custom, the children of the parish distributed about thirty bouquets to sick people throughout the city. The little ones enter the hospital or private home and after presenting in person the bouquet, they tell the sick person they are from the Catholic Church.

This is a form of apostolate which appeals especially to the flower-loving Japanese, and the custom has become the talk of the town, while the sick look forward eagerly to their weekly bouquet and the visit of its little giver. Once again we see verified the words of Isaiah: *And a little child shall lead them.*

They Enjoy Reading It

I RENEW THE FIELD AFAR not from a sense of religious duty, but because I really enjoy reading it. I thought the Maryknoll Booth at the Mission Ex-



WHEN BISHOP ROSS, S.J., SHEPHERD OF SOULS AT OKAYAMA, JAPAN, VISITED JAPANESE CHRISTIANS IN THE MARYKNOLL KOREAN FIELD, MENTION OF BISHOP ROSS IS MADE THIS MONTH IN OUR HOME KNOLL NOTES. FRIENDS OF MARYKNOLL'S FATHER JOSEPH HUNT, OF BROOKLINE, MASS., AND BROTHER JOSEPH DONAHUE, OF JERSEY CITY, N. J., WILL RECOGNIZE THEM IN THE BACK ROW

hibit in New York at the Commodore Hotel was most interesting.—*South Orange, N. J.*

THE FIELD AFAR has more news than any other magazine which comes to our home.—*Burlington, Iowa.*

My Perpetual Membership in Mary-

knoll is my most valuable asset.—*San Diego, Calif.*

I have had no work for almost two years, but I don't want to miss THE FIELD AFAR.—*New Haven, Conn.*

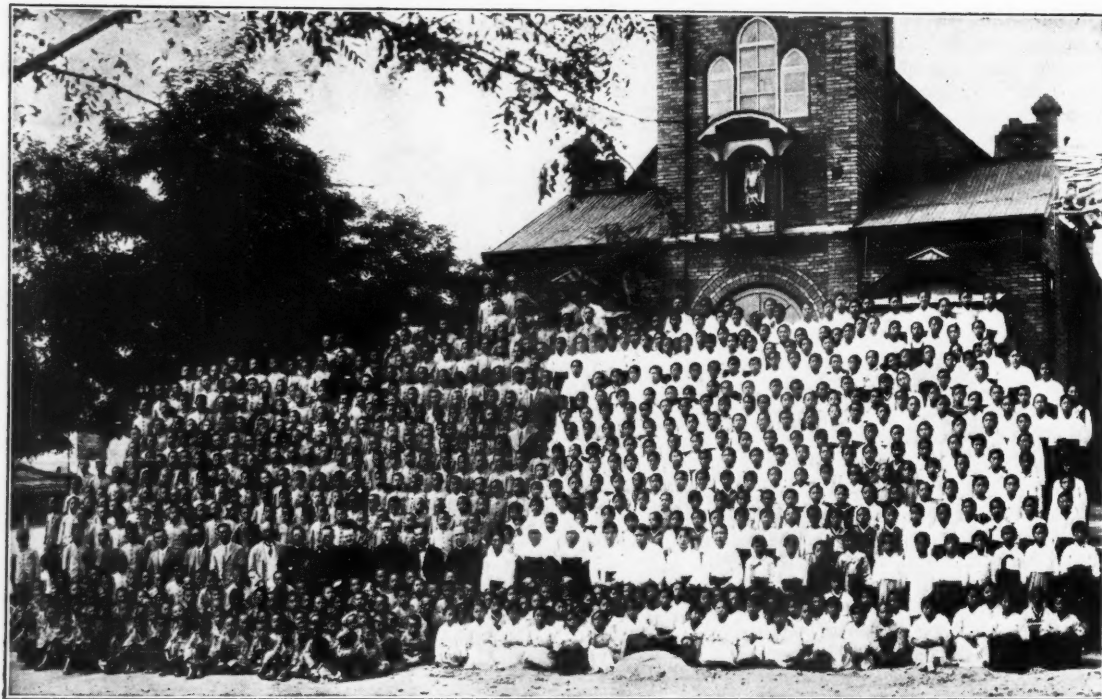
I do not want to miss your magazine. I enjoy it so much.—*New York City.*



THE TEMPORARY JAPANESE MISSION AT CHINNAMPO LET THE COLD OF WINTER THROUGH ITS FRAGILE WALLS, AND IN SUMMER ITS TIN ROOF GATHERED THE HEAT OF THE SUN'S RAYS. A TRANSFER HAS NOW BEEN MADE TO A NEW BUILDING, "WHICH SEEMS LIKE A PALACE, COMPARED TO THE OLD HOUSE"

BECAUSE IT CONCEIVES THAT IT CAN DO ALL THINGS.

Glimpses Along The Maryknoll Trail



A GATHERING OF CATHOLICS AT PENG YANG, CENTER MISSION OF THE MARYKNOLL KOREAN FIELD. THE OCCASION IS THE CELEBRATION OF THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF AGNES SONG'S FAITHFUL SERVICE AS TEACHER AT THE HOLY MOTHER SCHOOL. THIS CATHOLIC SCHOOL HAS GOVERNMENT RECOGNITION AND MAINTAINS AN ENVIABLE STANDARD. AGNES SONG IS SEATED ON THE LEFT OF THE TWO KOREAN SISTERS OF ST. PAUL DE CHARTRES, ALSO TEACHERS IN THE SCHOOL. NEXT TO HER IS FATHER JOSEPH CONNORS, OF PITTSFIELD, MASS., PASTOR OF THE PENG YANG KOREAN MISSION

Viva Sop Sum!



URING His brief public life on earth Our Divine Lord healed many sick, and throughout the following centuries His apostles have found that medical mission work opens the doors of pagan hearts. Father Stephen Hannon, once of the Bronx, New York City, and now pastor of Hiken in the Maryknoll Korean mission field, has a special gift as a healer of physical ills, and he has used it zealously to draw souls to God. Father Hannon writes:

Out on the seacoast is the village of Sop Sum. It was formerly an island, but now a long dike keeps out the sea,

and where once the high tides swirled there is at present a sea of waving rice grain.

Often on visits to Un Yang Si I had passed by Sop Sum, wondering how I

could get a start there. Some months ago the son of the headman of the village was seriously ill with typhoid. I sent some medicines, with directions for the proper care of the invalid. The young man recovered, and his grateful family asked my catechist to tell them about the Church.

Recently I visited Sop Sum; all the sick of the village were brought in, and I did what I could to help them. The instruction of Christ to His disciples seemed to fit in here: *Into whatever town you enter, heal the sick that are therein and announce to them the Kingdom of God.*

And now the entire village is well disposed. Some sixty are under instruction preparatory to Baptism, and as many more will begin to study the doctrine as soon as work in the rice fields

PERPETUAL ASSOCIATES

FIFTY dollars, paid within two years (fifty cents a week will accomplish this), secures a paid up Maryknoll insurance of the spiritual order—including a life subscription to THE FIELD AFAR.

I CAN DO ALL THINGS IN HIM

is over.

We hope to have a little school there this winter, and in the spring, please God, it will be necessary to build a good-sized chapel. Viva Sop Sum!

Speaking with Divers Tongues at Fushun

THE following account of a Manchu Pentecost comes from Bro. Benedict Barry, formerly of New York City, and now Monsignor Lane's right hand man at Fushun, Center Mission of Maryknoll-in-Manchuria:

Pentecost Sunday was a day of much rejoicing for all our Christians. At 10 a.m., the Monsignor celebrated a Pontifical Mass, assisted by Frs. Hewitt and Comber as deacon and subdeacon, Fr. Martin Pai (Chinese) as archpriest, and Bro. Benedict as master of ceremonies. Fr. Murrett presided at the organ, and the Maryknoll Sisters and native novices constituted the choir. Several of our Chinese seminarians and pupils of our catechist school also took part in the ceremonies.

The Monsignor read a sermon on the meaning of the Feast in the three languages of our Christians here—Chinese, Japanese, and Korean. This, we feel, has made a deep impression on the people.

In the afternoon Monsignor Lane conferred the Sacrament of Confirmation on 131, the largest number so far to be confirmed at our Center Mission. The gathering surely looked like the League of Nations and seemed to bring out the Catholicity of the Church. The ages of those receiving the Sacrament ranged from seven to seventy.

Fr. Murrett was happy to see five of his Japanese Christians confirmed; and Mr. John Kim, our Korean catechist, was no less happy when three of his recently baptized Koreans received the Sacrament. It was indeed a red-letter day at Fushun.

A "Rural Deanery" in Manchuria

WHEN Fr. Thomas Quirk claimed Portsmouth, N. H., as his home town, he doubtless did not expect to become a "rural dean" on the other side of the

world in a land known until two years ago as Manchuria, later as Manchukuo, and today as Ta Manchu Tikuo. But he evidently has no desire to exchange places with anyone, and refers to his Erh Pa Tan as "the loveliest village of the plain". He says in its praise:

I was pleased to observe the faith of Erh Pa Tan's Christians on the Feast of Corpus Christi. We had an outdoor procession after Mass, and the Blessed Sacrament was carried around the grounds of the church, preceded by native altar boys singing the *Pange Lingua*, two censer-bearers, and several little

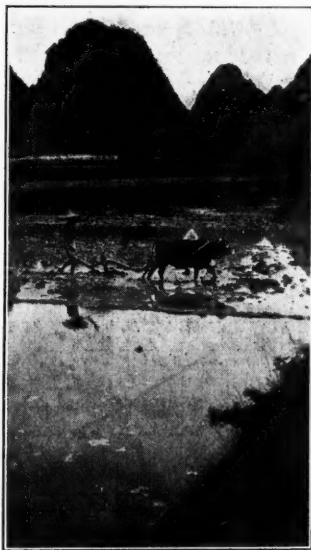
divine light may find its way into their souls.

I have just witnessed the erection of a stone cross over the grave of Father Tu, a native priest who was formerly pastor of this little village. Although a young man when he died, this native son endeared himself to the villagers, who speak of him affectionately. They are proud of the fact that he is buried here, "to bring blessings on us", as they express it. The wooden cross erected when he was buried thirteen years ago showed the effects of exposure to the elements, and a stone one to replace it was deemed a necessity. The money expended was raised by the Christians themselves, and a Christian stonemason chiseled out the cross from a large piece of granite.

I intend to stress in my talk next Sunday the hope of the Church, which visualizes a native clergy governed by native bishops and supported by the Christians without outside aid. Of course we are still far from the realization of that goal, for these people are for the most part poor in this world's goods. I have had many proofs, however, that if these Christians had the wherewithal they would be just as generous as our American Catholics.

Our village is practically independent of the city, but in case we need anything the city alone can supply we are only six miles from Shan Ch'eng Tze, a flourishing trade center of this district. We have a primary school, which is now about to close for the annual summer vacation of one month. Our catechetical school has prepared a number for Baptism, First Holy Communion, and Confirmation. We hope in the fall to bring more pagans in to listen to these daily instructions. Our catechist is extremely zealous and comes from a respected family in this section, thereby adding to his influence.

Our little dispensary here is patronized by Christian and pagan alike. Right now there is a great demand for quinine, because of the prevalence of malaria. The people of this district claim that only the Church's medicine can cure this disease, because of the impotency of the native cures. It is good to have a favorable reputation with the surrounding pagans, but it is expensive to keep it up.



WORKING IN THE FLOODED RICE FIELDS UNDER SOUTH CHINA'S SEMITROPICAL SUN IS A HEAVY STRAIN ON THE CHINESE FARMER, BUT NEVER SEEMS TO DRIVE AWAY HIS READY SMILE. IN THE BACKGROUND, BENEATH THE ODDLY-SHAPED MARBLE MOUNTAINS, THE WHITE WALLS OF THE MARYKNOLL TUNGON MISSION COMPOUND ARE VISIBLE. THE PRESENT PASTOR AT TUNG-ON IS FR. MARK CHURCHILL, OF MASON CITY, IOWA

fellows strewing flower blossoms in the path of Our Lord. The canopy was carried by six of the leading Christians, who deemed it an honor to be chosen. Two altars had been erected on the grounds, and two Benedictions were given, followed by a third in the church. Quite a number of pagans witnessed the ceremony, and we hope that a ray of

WHO STRENGTHENETH ME.

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with all subscriptions.)

**TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD**



JUNE, month of roses, and of
the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

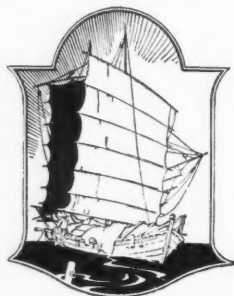
Roses fade and perish, but the
love of the Sacred Heart glowing
crimson in a soul makes of it for
all eternity God's garden.

Graduation days! And then
what? Ask the Holy Spirit to guide
and direct our youth in the choice
of their life work. And remember
that God will not be outdone in
generosity.

THE story of Father Joseph
Damien, Apostle to the Lepers
of Molokai, contains an element of
heroic accomplishment that appeals
irresistibly to the modern world,
but not all have fathomed its
secret.

Union with the Sacred Heart
Which had compassion on human-
ity's suffering and sin-laden multi-
tudes alone sustained Damien dur-
ing his sixteen years among the
living tombs of Molokai. "With-
out the Blessed Sacrament," he
wrote, "a position like mine would
be intolerable."

When he became himself a vic-



OVER THE SEAS FOR CHRIST AND SOULS

WITHIN a few weeks
Maryknoll must put
across the Pacific Ocean fif-
teen new heralds of the
Great King; and we are con-
fident that friends will not
be wanting to help us pro-
vide staffs for our young
Christ-bearers.

The outfit and travel ex-
penses of each of our Orient-
bound missionaries comes to
five hundred dollars (\$500).
Any portion of this sum,
however small, will bring
them nearer their apostolic
goal.

tim of the dread disease and on
April 14, 1889, lay dying in a great
and serene peace, his last words
were: *How sweet it is to be a child
of the Sacred Heart.* In that final
utterance Damien's secret lies re-
vealed. He attracts the best in us
because his heart beat in unison
with that Heart Which, pierced
and broken on the Cross, draws
all mankind to Its Infinite Love.

We must not expect that God
will send an angel to make known
a true vocation.

LAST September we sent three
young priests to Japan, and
since then they have been hard at
work studying the language in

Tokyo. We have been asked fre-
quently if we expect to have a
Maryknoll Mission in Japan, and
our answer has been in the past
that it was largely on that account
that we took up work for the Jap-
anese in Los Angeles and Seattle.
We are now free to say that
thanks to the Sacred Congregation
of Propaganda and to the Paris
Foreign Missions—whose superi-
ors have from the beginning been
happy to share their labors with
untried Americans, we look for-
ward to the direction of a Mission
at *Kyoto*, the ancient capital of
Japan.

According to an account given
by the Bulletin of the Paris Soci-
ety, this Mission will comprise the
two civil prefectures of Kyoto and
Shiga, which together include
about one-third of the present Dio-
cese of Osaka, which is under
Bishop Castanier. After the lan-
guage study in Tokyo, the Mary-
knoll priests will be associated for
a period with the French Fathers
under Bishop Castanier, who,
when the young Maryknollers
called on His Excellency at Osaka,
graciously accompanied them to
Kyoto to give them a glimpse of
their future Maryknoll field in Ja-
pan.

The first sign of a vocation is a
supernatural objective, the desire
to lead a holier life.

TO our Canadian confrères of
the Foreign Mission Seminary
at Pont-Viau, Province of Que-
bec, we offer sympathy in the loss
of Father Emile Charest.

Father Charest was killed by
robbers who entered his house at
Teikato, in Manchuria. The
houseboy was killed also; and the
murderers, who are being hunted
by Japanese and Manchu police,
took with them as they fled what-
ever valuables they could find. A
prayer please for this young mis-
sioner.



MICHELANGELO used to say
that a beautiful form is con-
cealed in every block of marble,

O, SACRED HEART OF JESUS,

all that is needed is an industrious hand to chisel it out. Ever since poets, sculptors, and journalists have repeated this idea, which was God's before Michelangelo rethought it.

The young men and women of this year's graduating classes know that in the plasticity of their souls there is concealed a greater variety of possibilities than in marble. A religious vocation is a beautiful idea concealed by God in a human soul. It remains for a man or a woman to explore and to discover God's hidden treasure, then to chisel away at what obstructs it with the smarting scalpel of self-denial.

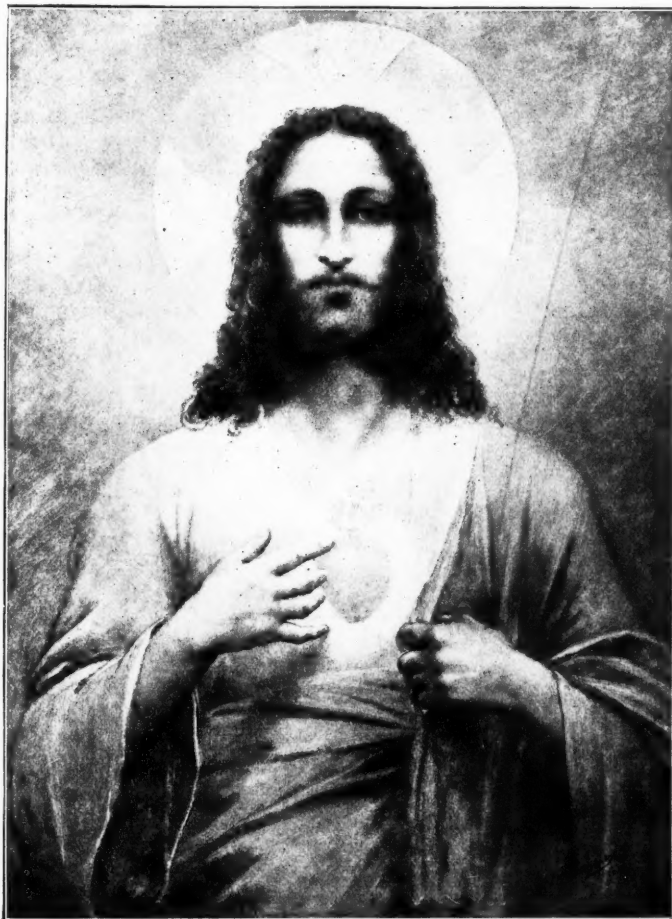
The measure of fitness for the foreign mission vocation is the measure of generosity towards Christ.

MARYKNOLL celebrates June twenty-ninth, the Feast of the Apostles Saints Peter and Paul, as the birthday of our Foreign Mission Society. On the approaching June twenty-ninth it will be twenty-three years since Maryknoll's Founders received at Rome the approval of the *Sacred Congregation of Propaganda* for their project of an American Foreign Mission Society; and the saintly Pope Pius X blessed the undertaking.

The Feast, always a red-letter day for Maryknolls in Rome, the United States, the Hawaiian and Philippine Islands, South China, Manchuria, Korea, and Japan, will this year have an added meaning as the first anniversary of the episcopal consecration in Rome of the Society's Co-founder and Superior General, the Most Rev. James Anthony Walsh.

A missionary counts his sacrifices as nothing, because he labors for the kindest of Masters, Jesus Christ.

AMERICA has had its Silver Anniversary; and THE FIELD AFAR, established in 1907, is two years ahead. Our congratulations go to our esteemed "Exchange". We rarely if ever mention each other, but this omission is not for



MANY INDEED HAVE NEVER KNOWN THEE; MANY, TOO, DESPISING THY PRECEPTS HAVE REJECTED THEE. HAVE MERCY ON THEM ALL, MOST MERCIFUL JESUS, AND DRAW THEM TO THY SACRED HEART
(Act of Consecration to the Sacred Heart.)

lack of good will, and we rejoice in America's accomplishment. May its good work continue through long years, reaching an ever widening circle!

MARYKNOLL came of age in 1932, when we were just twenty-one years old; and now at the *skec-do* age of twenty-three we

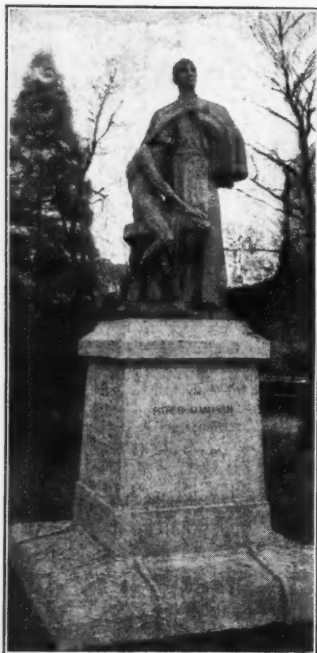
FINE yourself if you have made us "get after you" for that renewal.

are being asked about a silver jubilee.

The mention of the idea startles us, because we still consider Maryknoll a youngster; but, after all, silver jubilarians are no longer rare old individuals. Like the grandfathers and grandmothers of today who resent being called antiques, Silver Jubilarians—whether priests or married couples—take pride in their youth. And when 1936 comes, and it will not be long now, Maryknoll will consider itself twenty-five years young.

THY KINGDOM COME IN THE FAR EAST!

Damien of Molokai—Greater



THE STATUE ERECTED TO DAMIEN AT LOUVAIN, IN HIS BELGIAN FATHERLAND, IS A BEAUTIFUL TRIBUTE TO THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

LAST summer a Maryknoll priest, Father Joseph Sweeney of New Britain, Conn., en route to China where he had already labored as a missionary for ten years, spent six months at Mo-

lokai, studying the most effective methods of treating leprosy, with a view to opening a leper asylum in South China.

At the present time this work has made a fair start, and Fr. Sweeney has already a steadily growing nucleus of a leper colony, that engages all of his attention—and ten times his capital.

A letter recently received from him reveals his discovery while visiting Molokai of a most important document vindicating entirely the maligned character of the saintly apostle to the lepers, Father Damien.

"Failings" Which Were Virtues—

Father Damien of Molokai, the martyr-apostle, was made known to the world by Robert Louis Stevenson, and even to the present day it is Stevenson's characterization of the priest that is most widely known.

This is a pity, for it does not characterize him well. Stevenson wrote admirably on the evidence afforded him by critical and prejudiced lay co-workers of Damien (none of his Faith), who, surprised and even dismayed that one among them should be singled out for world praise, emphasized what they called the "shortcomings" of the man who inspired all modern leper work. Stevenson, if better informed, would not have conceded as he did (even for the sake of argument) such failings as: peasant crudeness, bigotry, shrewdness, ignorance—much less even the possibil-

ity of a violation of priestly vows.

"After spending six months at the scene of Fr. Damien's labors perusing old Board of Health reports, studying leprosy, meeting people who knew him, getting here-and-there a detail about his life and problems, I formed the conviction," says Fr. Sweeney, "that Damien was one of the greatest characters of the last century. His 'failings'—often accepted as such by biographers—looked at from the viewpoint of the lepers turn out to be virtues that helped to make of Damien the perfect man for the job.

"I say, 'looked at from the viewpoint of the lepers.' Only the lepers knew Damien, for Damien knew only the lepers. He came to the Island ALONE, and cared for *nine hundred* of them. Oh, if only one of those lepers for whom Fr. Damien laid down his life could speak!"

A Leper Speaks—

And lo, one of them did! Ambrose Hutchison—leper patient at Molokai for



ST. FRANCIS CHURCH AT MOLOKAI



MOLOKAI, "GREAT CLIFF"

terove Than This No Man Hath

fifty-three years, until his death in 1931—the man who knew Damien better than anyone else.

Holding what is probably the world's record for longevity with leprosy, and interesting in many other ways, Hutchison himself might call for a biography. Here it is apropos to observe merely that Hutchison was always a devoted leader among the lepers, noted as a straight hard thinker, with an iron will, an encyclopedic memory, and a frank tongue.

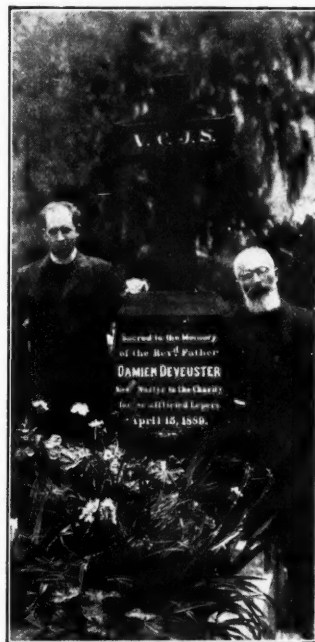
Now, three or four years before his death, this magnificent wreck began to write some memoirs of Fr. Damien and Molokai. It is rather difficult to write when one has only mutilated stumps for hands, so Hutchison had to tie the pen to his hand and fix it there with rubber bands. But it was like the iron will of him to persist at a work in spite of every obstacle, and he left in his desk, when death overtook him in July, 1931, 218 pages of foolscap, painfully scrawled.



AT GRAVEYARD OF THE LIVING"

It is the first written testimony of any leper about Damien, and Hutchison was just the man to express the leper's viewpoint. Only the lepers witnessed Damien's first six years on Molokai, when, without a resident doctor, eight to nine hundred patients were always herded there, sent to a lingering death in that great "graveyard of the living". Left to shift for themselves on a spur of land jutting into the sea from the base of impassable cliffs, they lacked food and medicine; not even lint and soap were available, and the water supply at first was miles away. The majority were prostrate with a leprosy perhaps more loathesome than at any other time or place in history. Even the less afflicted had grown wanton in despair. The original government plan had been that these latter should provide for themselves and for the helpless, even some who were not lepers being permitted to accompany their relatives to Molokai. For a short time this scheme seemed to be working out, but soon almost all at the leper settlement had abandoned themselves to a life that was little more than a series of orgies, in a vain effort to forget their misery.

To these wretched people Damien came in 1873, with so little backing that all his belongings were in one valise, and his only roof for six weeks was a puhala tree, the very same that today shades his grave. Practically alone, he stood against the tides of dirt, disease, and death—both moral and physical.



MARYKNOLL'S FR. JOSEPH SWEENEY AND HIS HOST, FR. PETER D'ORGEVAL, NOW PASTOR AT MOLOKAI, BESIDE FATHER DAMIEN'S GRAVE

Hutchison's Introduction to Molokai—

Six years after Damien's arrival, Hutchison was sent to Molokai as a leper.

At the beginning of his document he narrates his first walk abroad. He met



FATHER DAMIEN ON HIS DEATHBED



THE BOYS IN THIS FIRST COMMUNION CLASS, TAUGHT BY MARYKNOLL SISTERS, ARE FROM THE HOME IN HONOLULU FOR THE CHILDREN OF MOLOKAI LEPROS. LEPROSY IS NOT HEREDITARY, AND IF THE CHILDREN ARE SEPARATED IN TIME FROM THEIR LEPROUS PARENTS THEY DO NOT CONTRACT THE DISEASE. THE SISTERS WHO HAVE INSTRUCTED THESE BOYS ARE SR. MAUREEN MAHONEY, OF SOMERVILLE, MASS. (LEFT), AND SR. DOMINIC MARIE TURNER, OF THE BRITISH WEST INDIES

a man wheeling from the hospital a barrow, burdened with what seemed to be a bundle of soiled rags. The object was rolled off at the door of a windowless hut, and the man with the barrow went his way. Hutchison approached, and saw that the soiled rags covered a dying leper, left face down at this hut (a detached part of the so-called "hospital", and known as "the dying den").

Here patients were removed in their last agony to die out of sight of the crowded wards. With intense horror Hutchison thought, "I may be a like victim."

Turning away from this scene, Hutchison met Fr. Damien, going with stole in hand to attend the sick and dying. The newcomer then went back to a leper relative who had given him shelter,



SOME OF THE FIRST PATIENTS HARBORED BY MARYKNOLL IN SOUTH CHINA. BISHOP JAMES E. WALSH OF THE KONGMOON VICARIATE HAS PLACED IN CHARGE OF THIS WORK FOR THE LEPROS A SEASONED MISSIONER, FR. JOSEPH SWEENEY, OF NEW BRITAIN, CONN. FR. SWEENEY IS ASSISTED BY DR. HARRY BLABER, OF BROOKLYN, N. Y. (CENTER), AND BY A MARYKNOLL BROTHER (RIGHT)

and at whose hut many leper neighbors were gathered. His narration continues:

"To these folks I told what I had seen, and about meeting Fr. Damien; but what I told them seemed not to move or surprise these stoic old-timers. Then it was their turn to tell me the story of living conditions, of the inhuman treatment of the sick and dying, and of corpses being wrapped in blankets and buried in sitting postures in round holes.

"These lepers assured me that the administration and officials in charge were responsible for the inhumanity and for all the other evil conditions, and expressed their admiration for Fr. Damien as the one, lone moving spirit of true Christian charity among the suffering outcasts."

Greater Love No Man Hath—

"For some years," writes Hutchison, "a doctor resided in the settlement for only two weeks a month; but our good Fr. Damien, devoted and faithful, was the handy medico man of the lepers at all times, the ministering angel, and comforter of the sick and dying inmates. For one and all he was nurse, doctor, and priest; and, on the side, builder and architect. He put in a water system, made by himself over 1,000 coffins, and dug graves for good and wayward alike. Almost entirely with his own tools and hands, he built four churches, and remodeled two others in his island parish, even to the pews and altars. For the lepers he was always helping to build houses, and make bathtubs, doors, and window frames. He 'pestered' the government until improvements were made, and wrote letters far and wide for funds, medicines, and other needs. He made daily visits to the leper huts, from the time he arrived in the settlement, up to the day when his activity ceased, when he was laid low as a victim of the dread scourge, catching leprosy himself—martyr of his love for the unfortunate outcasts, and faithful soldier of Him Who died on the Cross for the love of poor sinners."

So witnesses Hutchison. The leper apologist exonerates, nay he canonizes, the leper saint.



WHEN WE LEAVE ANYTHING FOR GOD,



The Maryknoll General's Travel Log



EVERY year the Superior General of Maryknoll is expected to visit the several houses of the Society in this country. Every five years he or his representative must see the mission fields, and as far as possible each missionary. It is this kind of contact, supplementing the monthly message of *THE FIELD AFAR*,

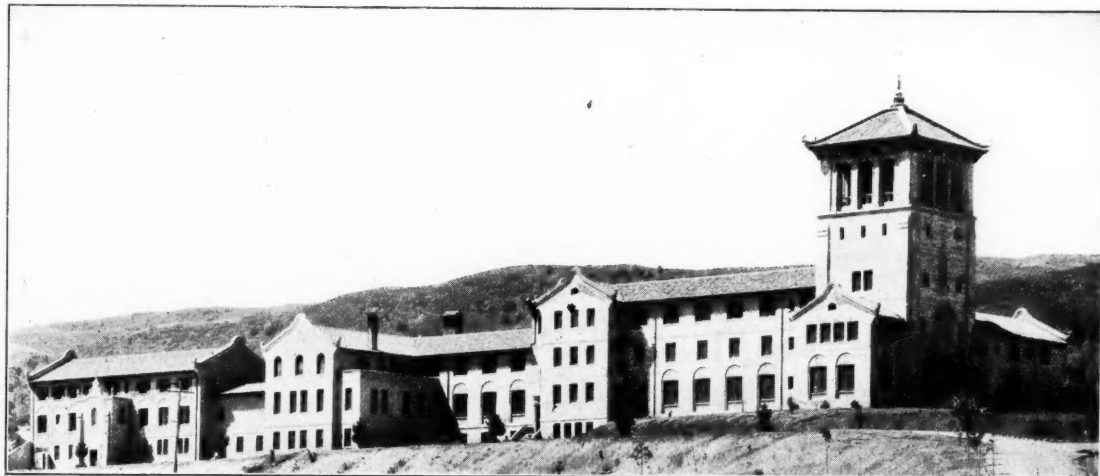
Paul, Duluth, Milwaukee, Chicago, and Scranton.

Westward Bound—

In *Washington* at the Catholic University, in McMahon Hall, he spoke to a Student Mission Unit, comprising representatives of the secular clergy and of the religious houses now gathered in large numbers around the University. While Msgr. O'Dwyer was presiding at this meeting, a request came to the platform from a Chinese student

General to *Cincinnati* for a week-end visit that included talks at both diocesan seminaries, junior and major, and one, at Msgr. Thill's request, to a gathering of Crusaders at Westwood.

The next stop was at *St. Louis*, which provided an opportunity to meet their Excellencies, Archbishop Glennon and Bishop Winkelmann; also to speak at Kenrick, the major seminary, where the Superior General remained overnight, offering the community Mass the next morning.



THE MARYKNOLL JUNIOR SEMINARY AT LOS ALTOS, CALIFORNIA

Students and faculty at the Los Altos Maryknoll were eagerly awaiting their Superior General, whom they had not seen since his elevation to the episcopate

with diaries and individual letters between the home base and the outposts, that keeps Maryknollers united.

The Superior General habitually manages to keep a close schedule, and his 1934 visitation of the United States Maryknolls was no exception. He planned to return to the Center in time to conduct the Holy Week ceremonies and to pontificate on Easter Sunday, and he arrived in good time. Meanwhile he had covered Washington, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Denver, Los Angeles, San Juan Bautista, Los Altos, San Francisco, Seattle, St.

for an opportunity to speak, and a "snappy" talk in good English followed the invitation.

A night train brought the Superior

LIFE INSURANCE

HAVE you considered making Maryknoll the Alternate Beneficiary of your Life Insurance?

Others have found this a practical means of helping the missions.

The next stop-over was at *Denver* whose bishop, the Most Rev. Urban Vehr, had attended Father General's consecration at Rome, and is a staunch friend to all Maryknollers. While at Denver a visit was made to the diocesan seminary, which is directed by the Vincentian Fathers. Here, before leaving for the coast, Bishop Walsh addressed the students.

His special objective was California, where, besides visiting the missions, he was anxious to see Fr. Bridge, who, returned from Manchuria, had for months been hovering between life and death.

There was another invalid Maryknoll-

HE REWARDS US A HUNDREDFOLD.



THE MARYKNOLL GENERAL PAYS AN ALL TOO BRIEF VISIT TO SAN JUAN BAUTISTA MISSION, WHERE HE DISCUSSES PLANS AND PROJECTS WITH ITS ENERGETIC PASTOR, MARYKNOLL'S FATHER FRANCIS CAFFREY, OF LAWRENCE, MASS.

er on the coast, at Monrovia, in whom he was also interested, a young Chinese Maryknoll Sister who had undergone the amputation of a limb. The Superior General saw both invalids and was edified by their patience and their heroic spirit.

Los Angeles and Monrovia—

At *Los Angeles*, he arrived on Sunday morning just in time to offer the Holy Sacrifice in the Japanese School Chapel. Later in the day he attended a reception and met some of the Japanese Catholics, but that night, after an alarming message about Fr. Bridge's condition, he left for San Francisco. Finding immediate danger past, and after a comforting visit, he returned to Los Angeles Tuesday morning to continue his visitation.

While there, through the courtesy of Bishop Cantwell whose interest in Maryknoll has been strong and constant, he gave the Sacrament of Confirmation to some thirty-two Japanese, including several adults. The Japanese Mission in Los Angeles, he reports, is satisfying and has much promise.

At *Monrovia*, where the Maryknoll Sisters have a sanatorium for tubercu-

losis patients, all the beds were occupied, most of them by Japanese. This sanatorium was made possible by the gift of ten thousand dollars from a Japanese physician, and by an annuity secured by Miss Katherine Decker in exchange for the entire establishment which she herself had founded and su-

PERPETUAL ASSOCIATES

NO form of interest is more welcome to us at Maryknoll than that which is evidenced by a request for

PERPETUAL MEMBERSHIP

Such a request implies confidence.

It assures us of a life subscriber, and avoids the possible trouble and expense, not to speak of the embarrassment, of dunning a friend.

pervised until the arrival of the Maryknoll Sisters. Miss Decker, ill for months, had hoped to live to receive a blessing from Bishop Walsh, but she died the day before his arrival. While at Monrovia he prayed at her bier.

In Los Angeles the Superior General met several other prelates at the home of Bishop Cantwell, among them Bishop Scher of Monterey-Fresno, who is the Ordinary for the Maryknoll Mission of *San Juan Bautista*. Only a year before Bishop, then Msgr., Scher had spent the day at San Juan with the Maryknoll Superior General; and in the meantime both were raised to the episcopate on the same day, June 29, 1933.

San Juan and Los Altos—

From Los Angeles Bishop Walsh went directly to *San Juan*, a peaceful old mission which always attracts him, and where he would linger could he afford the time. From San Juan to Los Altos is a comfortable auto drive of about sixty miles, and it gave an opportunity in passing to call on the Jesuit Fathers at Santa Clara College, and at the Carmelite Convent of Santa Clara, where the Maryknoll head has good friends and pleaders, as at other Carmels on the coast and elsewhere.

With Fr. Caffrey as chauffeur, he arrived in good time for supper at St. Joseph's, the diocesan preparatory seminary, where he was due for a talk to the students. He spoke later to his own group, and turned in for the night at the *Los Altos Maryknoll*. He said Mass the next morning in the chapel of Santa Clara College, where he addressed the students.

In the evening he visited the major diocesan seminary at Menlo Park for a conference to the students, returning to Maryknoll-in-Los Altos for the night. On the following morning, he left for the City of the Golden Gate, thirty miles north.

San Francisco—

There he found Fr. Bridge more comfortable, and arranged to offer Mass at the hospital so that the patient could attend and receive Holy Communion, a special joy for Fr. Bridge and his father in Christ.

While in San Francisco hours were well filled, but other visits were made

SACRIFICES MADE FOR GOD HAVE A SWEETNESS

to the hospital, and later the Superior General wrote:

"I left Fr. Bridge yesterday morning. His conversation recurs invariably to Manchuria, and he cannot resist the expression, 'If I get better and return to my mission, etc.' Surely his heart is in his mission, meanwhile he has edified all who have met him, and they are not few."

Both archbishops were in the city, and the Superior General found the usual warm welcome from the gracious Archbishop Hanna, and his Coadjutor, Archbishop Mitty—long a staunch friend of Maryknoll.

Seattle—

From Seattle, which he reached after a day and night journey from Oakland, the General wrote:

"I arrived Saturday night, Fr. Lavery meeting me. On Sunday I said the principal Mass, at which the Japanese congregation filled the little chapel comfortably. In the afternoon a reception took place in the under-chapel hall, and the program, prepared by the Japanese themselves, was interesting.

"Bishop Shaughnessy kindly extended an invitation to stay with him, and similar offers came from the Providence and Columbus Hospitals, but the Maryknoll Procure was most convenient for my purpose, although I spent the last night at the Bishop's residence. Monday noon we went to the diocesan preparatory seminary, where I addressed the boys. On Wednesday I spoke at the Convent of the Sacred Heart.

"The Maryknoll School has 175 pupils, its highest enrollment. Fr. Lavery's report shows a deficit for last year, the immediate cause of which was a reduction in the Home Mission allotment, which dropped from \$6,000 to \$2,000."

The Home Stretch—

At *St. Paul* the Maryknoll General found the Cathedral Rector, Fr. Laurence Ryan, ready with a welcome.

Visits to the kindly Archbishop Murray, and to the preparatory seminary (Nazareth Hall) filled the morning, after Mass.; and the next move was northward to *Duluth*, for a long delayed visit to another much interested prelate, Bishop Thomas Welch. Then down to *Milwaukee*, where a welcome

FROM AN AMERICAN APOSTLE TO THE LEPERS

**FATHER Joseph Sweeney,
of New Britain, Conn.,
Maryknoll's first Apostle to
the Lepers, sent recently
the following message from
South China:**

**"89 Lepers on hand.
None cured yet, except
one, who went west flying
the Pope's flag. Best
wishes."**

**Lack of material means
alone prevents Father
Sweeney from harboring
many more outcasts. For
the support of each of these
Lepers about three dollars
a month is needed.**

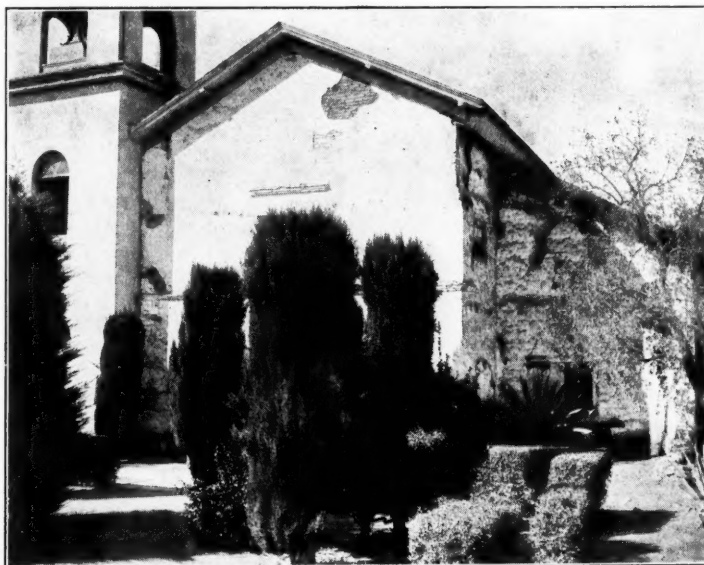
was waiting from Archbishop Stritch, and from the zealous Director of the Society for the Propagation of the

Faith, Fr. Gearhard.

At Milwaukee another Maryknoller, Fr. Sheridan, turned up for escort duty, and that evening was passed between a conference at St. Francis Seminary (the Alma Mater of several Maryknoll missionaries, including Fr. Dietz, now of Peiping), and attendance at a Passion Play—a worthy performance truly. The following day the schedule called for a drive towards *Chicago*, with a stop at Mundelein, Techny, and Lake Forest.

Mundelein was a new experience, a revelation, and so much appreciated that a night was passed at this diocesan seminary. From Techny, where the Society of the Divine Word have their United States center, a call was made at the Sacred Heart Convent in Lake Forest; and the next morning found the Superior General on his way East to Scranton, Pennsylvania, where a corporation meeting was due, and where several altars in the *Venard Chapel* were awaiting consecration.

The Council Members arrived at the Venard from Maryknoll in time for the meeting, at which His Excellency Bishop O'Reilly kindly assisted; and after a pleasant drive of five hours the Home Knoll once more came in sight.



OF SAN JUAN BAUTISTA THE MARYKNOLL SUPERIOR WROTE: "SAN JUAN IS A PEACEFUL OLD MISSION WHICH ALWAYS ATTRACTS ME AND WHERE I WOULD LINGER COULD I AFFORD THE TIME"

AND A JOY UNKNOWN TO THE WORLD.

A Good Turn

By Fr. James Pardy, of Brooklyn, N. Y., a Maryknoll missionary in Korea



ONCE THE BANDITS HALTED NEAR A RIVER'S BANK, AND WAITING THERE IN THEIR MIDST FATHER JOE RECALLED A DISCUSSION OF SEMINARY DAYS CONCERNING THE DEATH OF THREE AMERICAN PRISTS, SHOT BY BANDITS



URING his tired horse along, Father Joe McNeil headed for the village of Sanchi, which he hoped to reach before the sun had set beyond the encircling mountains. He had been warned that bandits had been active recently in the vicinity, and anyone attempting to enter Sanchi after nightfall might well be welcomed with a bullet intended for the highway gentry.

Sanchi was not unlike other Chinese villages of its size. Its unpaved streets were dusty and dirty, and the only two-story structures of which it could boast were the Protestant hospital, the bank, and a few government buildings. At that moment, however, all the dinginess was transfigured by the golden rays of the setting sun, and the smoke curling up from the homes in the distance was a pleasing sight to the tired missionary.

"Never mind, Nan, it won't be long now before you'll be putting on the feed

bag," he said, as he patted his horse's neck.

These words had hardly left his lips when the mare pricked up her ears and shied a little. At the same instant Father Joe caught a sound like a low moan, coming from a clump of trees just off the road. Cautiously making his way into the shadow of the trees he found a Chinese in farmer's dress, lying on the ground in a semiconscious condition. It did not take long to discover that the man had suffered a compound fracture of the right leg, the injured limb having swollen to about twice its natural size.

Father Joe at once forgot his own hunger and fatigue. He tore up his shirt to use for a bandage, and made a splint by means of two branches. But when he tried to lift the sufferer the Chinese resisted, saying, "Leave me alone, my friends will soon come to take me away."

The missionary knew from the injured farmer's mutterings that he must be a Yangsi man, a people who had a dialect all their own. But he paid small

heed to the protests, which he attributed to the stranger's intense pain. So he lifted the little Chinese into the saddle, and again headed for Sanchi. He was lucky enough to reach the village before the gates were closed, and lost no time in depositing his patient at the Protestant hospital.

After caring for his horse and satisfying the inner man, Father Joe sat outside the house of Sanchi's only Christian, ready to chat with the village's friendly pagans. On previous occasions the conversation had dealt with such topics as the size of the buildings in New York, the missionary's age, and the difference between his Church and the Protestants in China.

But that night things were different. He discovered from the rapid and excited talk of the villagers that a band of Yangsi outlaws had raided Sanchi in the small hours of the morning. The people feared a return of the bandits, and could think of nothing else.

The missionary understood now why the injured man had resisted his well-meant assistance. He was a bandit, and knew that if he were brought to Sanchi his Yangsi dialect would reveal him as one of the raiders. Father Joe was thankful that no one had seen him taking the man to the hospital. Although on the following morning he did not have time to stop there, he felt certain the bandit was safe, for he was well acquainted with Dr. Peters, a discreet and generous soul.

* * * * *

The following spring Father Joe was again jogging along the Sanchi road, and as he passed the clump of trees he wondered what had become of the injured bandit. He would not be able to find out from Dr. Peters, as only a week ago the Protestant physician had been captured by some of the outlaws.

With the return of spring most of the local bandits had once more become farmers, and gone back to their spring planting. Only one group, led by Moo So Woh, a man dreaded for his cruelty, persisted in its lawlessness. It was the followers of this leader who had captured Dr. Peters. Soldiers were being sent to rescue the foreign doctor and to disperse Moo So Woh's band. They were due any time now.

GOD BLESSES THE MISSIONER'S WORK,

At this point Father Joe's thoughts were interrupted by the approach of five riders. They seemed somehow to be converging on *him*, and the missionary did not like it. A closer view of the company did nothing to reassure him, he thought he had never seen five less prepossessing men.

When they came abreast of him they blocked the road. Father Joe smiled his best and greeted them with a cheery, "How are you?" But his unwelcome companions were apparently in no smiling mood.

"Come along with us, and the less fuss the better," barked their leader, a coarse featured, pock-marked individual.

"If you want me for ransom, you are wasting your time," said the missionary. "Our Church does not ransom us. By taking me you are merely—" The rest of his sentence was drowned by the bandits' mocking laughter. One of them made a grab for Nan's bridle, and the pock-marked leader fingered his rifle as if he would enjoy using it. Father Joe realized that resistance was futile.

They left the road and made for the mountains, riding in silence and at a rapid pace. Poor old Nan found it difficult to keep up with the younger horses of the bandits, and occasionally was driven on by the blows of one of the gang. Finally, towards sundown, she stopped, gasped for breath, and rolled over on her side. Father Joe tried desperately to get her up, but the pock-marked one pushed him aside. Stamping his foot on Nan's head, he put his rifle to her ear and pulled the trigger. The Chinese met the missionary's reproachful look with a laugh and, tapping his gun, said: "There's another one in here for you, too, if you want it."

"All right, let me have it," Father Joe was about to say, but a sudden lump in his throat prevented speech. He was greatly moved by the death of his old pal. He felt weak, and a strange fear of death came over him. Quickly and willingly he obeyed the order to ride behind one of the bandits who was mounted on a big chestnut stallion.

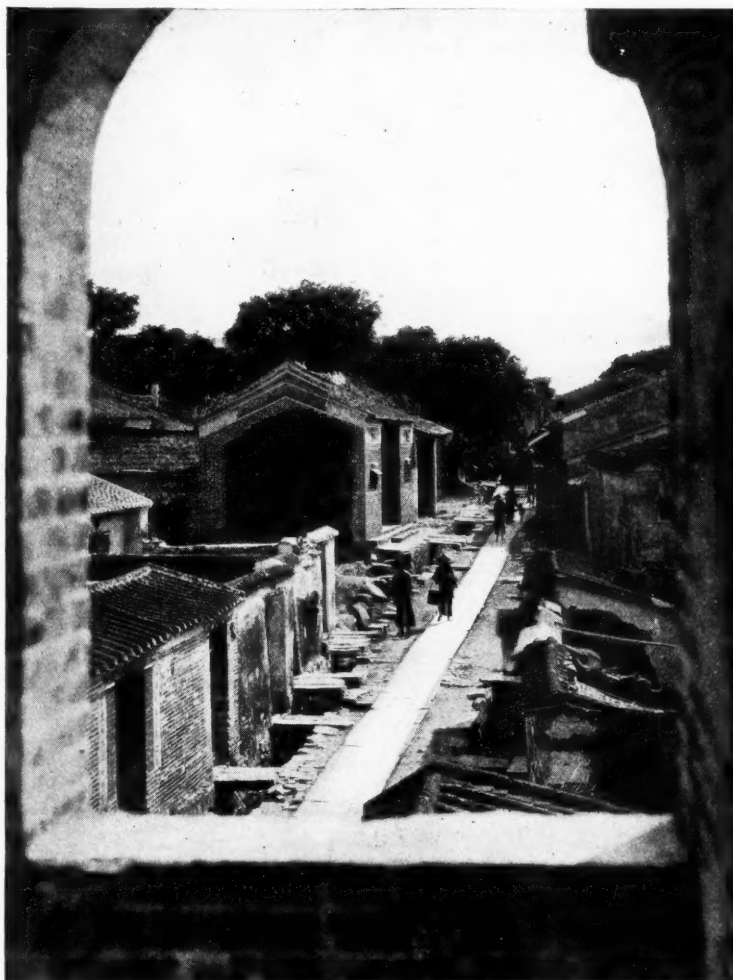
As they rode along a vivid picture of the faces of his dear ones at home presented itself to the missionary's mind—his Mother, Dad, his sisters and brothers. Never had he longed so intensely

to be reunited to them, and at the same time a premonition came over him that he was not to see them again in this life.

Once the bandits halted near a river's bank, and waiting there in their midst Father Joe recalled the discussion that had arisen in his seminary days when news had reached the United States of the death of three American priests, shot by bandits. At that time some of the seminarians had said that these men were martyrs of faith, others had claimed that they were only martyrs of charity. Father Joe had not entered

into the discussion, but his imagination had been keenly stirred. Now he realized fully what the three missionaries had gone through, and, strangely enough, though he had forgotten their names, he found himself praying to them.

The second start was made in a drizzling rain, which continued throughout the night. The bandits rode until the first streak of dawn appeared over the eastern hills, when they descended a heavily wooded ravine and came to a halt in the center of a cluster of dilapidated huts. They jerked their prisoner



SANCHI WAS DUSTY AND DIRTY, LIKE OTHER CHINESE VILLAGES OF ITS SIZE; BUT AT THAT PARTICULAR MOMENT ALL THE DINGINESS WAS TRANSFIGURED BY THE GOLDEN RAYS OF THE SETTING SUN

BECAUSE OF HIS HARDSHIPS,

to the ground, bound his hands, and led him into one of the huts. By the dim light of a peanut oil lamp Father Joe saw a small Chinese squatting on the floor. His heart leapt with joy as he recognized the face of the man whom he had befriended the previous fall. Now surely he had nothing to fear.

As the Chinese continued to stare at him with no sign of recognition, the missionary asked: "Don't you remember me? I brought you to the hospital at Sanchi last fall."

"Well do I remember you. For many days I have been waiting to meet you. Now I will repay you for what you did to me," and Moo So Woh spat to the side as if to rid his mouth of something distasteful. Then, turning to one of his aides, he ordered him to bring in the "other foreign devil", the doctor.

Doctor Peters looked haggard and worn after his week's captivity. "Well, Father," he said in English, "I am very sorry to see you here."

Moo So Woh now addressed Doctor Peters. "Last fall," he said coldly and calmly, "my leg was cut off in your hospital. The foreign devil who calls himself a priest brought me there, is it not so? Well, this morning, in my presence, you will cut off his leg, just as you did mine."

Could this strange command be true? Up to this time the bandit chief had continued to squat on the floor, but now he reached for a crutch and stood up. Father Joe saw the dangling stump of the man's right leg, and realized that his ears had not deceived him. This was to be his reward for saving the man's life. One good turn deserves another, *provided* the other party accepts the turn as good. To his surprise, Father Joe felt perfectly calm and a little ashamed of his earlier fears. Prayer came easily. He even pitied the misguided and cruel Moo So Woh.

As Doctor Peters stared white faced at the smiling outlaw, a bandit rushed in and announced that pursuing soldiers were close at hand. The bandit chief gave a few hasty orders concerning the immediate break-up of camp and the direction of flight. Then he spoke in a low voice to his pock-marked assistant who led Father Joe and the doctor out of the hut.

The soldiers arrived an hour later to find the bandits gone, a frightened doctor, and a dead priest. Doctor Peters had bribed Moo So Woh with a watch and a ring which he had managed to conceal since his capture. But nothing had been able to alter the bandit chief's hatred of Father Joe.

The doctor said that the young missionary had been calm in the face of death, and had even appeared strangely happy. He had been shot as he knelt in prayer.

When the news reached the homeland Seminary, the priests and seminarians sang a *Te Deum* for their first martyr,



OLD NAN WAS LONG PAST HER PRIME, BUT FATHER JOE WOULD NOT HAVE EXCHANGED HER FOR ANY HORSE ANYWHERE—SHE WAS HIS PAL

if not of faith, then surely of charity. *Greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friends.* Moo So Woh had done a good turn.

Noted Here and There

FORTUNATE are we of Maryknoll to be witnesses through our correspondence not only to the charity of others, but to their sterling faith. Here is a letter that edifies while it humiliates us:

My subscription to *THE FIELD AFAR* expired last month, and I am sorry that I cannot renew it. I have been in bed since last May with cancer of the

stomach and a tumor. I could not be operated on even if I could afford it, as my heart is too weak. I received the last rites of the Church on the Feast of St. Anthony.

Please do not send any copies of the magazine, as there is no one here to pay for them. Please pray for me that I may obtain the grace of a happy death.

In heart and in desire the late Father Joseph Lynch Early of Boston was a Maryknoller, and he will be remembered as such. A priest for nearly thirty years, much of that period was spent in suffering. It was his wish to offer to Maryknoll his personal service and he actually took up residence with us for several months in the hope that his health would allow an indefinite stay. This was not to be, and he resigned himself to the disappointment.

Father Early had an unusually fine mind, and his power of concentration was marked, too strong for so frail a body, but so admirable that we could only regret his inability to do what zeal prompted and what his intelligence fitted him to accomplish. We recommend this priestly soul to the prayers of our readers.

Friends of our Superior General who attended his consecration in Rome will recall Monsignor Dini, Rector of the Propaganda College, Rome's great foreign mission seminary, who generously placed at Bishop Walsh's disposal the College chapel, allowed the students to assist, provided the excellent choir, and a breakfast after the reception.

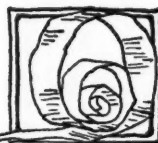
Last January Monsignor Dini was himself consecrated as Titular Archbishop of Dara, and made Apostolic Delegate to Egypt and the Holy Land. He had hardly entered upon his work in Egypt when he was called to his Master.

Archbishop Dini was only forty-one years old, and gave promise of a long and useful career. We sympathize with all who were near to him, and add our prayers to theirs for this apostolic soul.

CHRIST MUST REIGN!



Maryknoll Juniors



Father Thomas Donovan's Diary From Chong Pu, South China



HE rectory is undergoing much needed repairs; with the addition of two new rooms we are now better able to accommodate guests. No longer will the pastor make the dining room table his bed, or the curate look for an empty bed in the school dormitory.

If our workmen were bothered with trade unions they might have some difficulty in deciding just which one to join. Our two head men, we call them carpenters, started at the bottom and worked themselves up, as we read of all poor but honest men. They leveled off the ground, laid the foundation stones, and constructed the walls of mud bricks faced with fire brick. The roof is made of wooden beams covered with the usual baked mud tiles that we find on all Chinese houses. These tiles are not nailed as the wind is never strong enough to move them; birds' nests and the neighbors' cats, however, cause the kiln work to go on. The carpenters are also lathers, plasterers, glaziers and painters. In the construction of Chinese houses very few, if any, nails are used, and about the only item of hardware is the door lock. To join heavy boards and beams they tongue and groove or dovetail them; for floor boards, wooden pegs are preferred, and where we would use hinges, the Chinese doors are made to swing on a pivot.

Have you ever seen a knife chair? Neither had we until the other day. Hearing a lot of fireworks on the road back of the church, we had a look-see at a young fellow being carried in a chair. The chair had no top and the fellow was standing, brandishing a long sharp knife in his right

hand. On closer inspection we found that he was standing on the business edge of three more long knives and still three more were used to upholster the seat of the chair. We saw him as he sat down. The whole thing was quite a spectacle for the large following that he had, but somehow we were not thrilled, for years ago we saw a better stunt than that—the fellow who used to eat the knives. He had a large following, too, but there were other attractions such as lions, tigers, elephants, peanuts and red lemonade. Our *keen-cutter lad* of the other day was supposed to be in a trance. He looked like it too! In front of his procession was carried a small devil shrine with lighted tapers; and after he had passed, we made a brief visit to the Blessed Sacrament to say a prayer for this poor unfortunate.

A week's holiday was declared recently to allow the boys to return home to help out with the

spring planting. From our front porch we have a view of over one hundred fields, and as we look at the water-soaked plots separated only by narrow mud paths about ten inches wide, the whole thing reminds us of a map of the States; long narrow fields might represent Massachusetts or Pennsylvania, New Hampshire and Vermont are two smaller ones together.

During the holiday the priests with the teachers and the cook had an old time all day hike to a locally famous lofty mountain called *Chac Ma Ki*. We have no record of the altitude, but we certainly do know that it's a long hard climb to the peak, steep and slippery. Old timers who had been up before suggested another and easier way down; certainly we could not come down as we went up, head first, but the curate did manage to coast a few times in a rather ungainly fashion.



TYPICAL CHINESE HOUSES AT CHONG PU
In China the carpenters are also lathers, plasterers, glaziers and painters. In the construction of these houses the only item of hardware is the door lock

"LET'S GO FISHING!"



Maryknoll Juniors



JUNIOR MISSIONERS!

"Let's go fishing!"

What do you think of an 'invite' like that from dear, good old St. Peter, Prince of Apostles? That's the way he used to ask his friends out for a day's catch in his sail-rigged fishing smack. Now St. Peter was a fisherman in two ways. He caught fish and he caught souls! His old time fishing days in the briny deep are over, but he's up there in Heaven just the same still letting down his nets to earth for souls! Want to help him? You can. How? Become an official Peter-kin Fisherman catching pagan souls by your prayers and good works.

St. Peter and Father Chin are making up a fishing party—the more the merrier! Father Chin assured St. Peter that the best fishermen for pagan souls are Maryknoll Juniors. We haven't half enough Juniors yet for that fishing trip, so what about inviting a friend of yours to join us. The more fishermen, the bigger the catch! The more Maryknoll Juniors, the more pagan souls saved! Of course you'll never know until you sail into the Eternal Port just what the results of your catch will be. But then, that's half the fun of a fishing party, wondering who will land the biggest fish and who, the most!

So come on, Peter-kin fishermen!
"Let's go fishing!" with St. Peter.

Father Chin



Dear Father Chin:

I accept the invitation to become a Peter-kin Fisherman and to join St. Peter's fishing party.
I wish to be enrolled as a Maryknoll Junior.

Name

Address

Date of Birth

School

ECW



The View From My Window

By Wataru Yamada, a pupil of the Sixth grade at Maryknoll's St. Francis Xavier's School for Japanese in Los Angeles

LOOKING up from my window,
I see the sun setting low;
Looking down, I see our yard—
A small yard, its ground is hard.

Along the fence there grow green hedges;
There red tomatoes hang over box edges.

Here and there are impolite weeds,
Mixing up with the other seeds.

A table cloth with a pink rose,
Mother's dress and sister's hose,
My torn shirt, now far from fine,
Are hanging together on the line.

From my window, I can see
Our neighbor's flowers and a tree;
Faded sunflowers six feet in height—
I see when I lie down at night.

MISSION INTENTIONS FOR JUNE

1. Catholic Chinese Children.
2. Native Novitiates in South China.
3. Mission Vocations.
4. Baptisms.
5. All Missioners.

The following letter from Father George Bauer, Maryknoll missionary at Chiklung in South China, will recommend the first intention especially to your prayers:

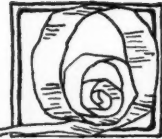
I have noticed the "Mission Intention" notice for the month in *THE FIELD AFAR*. Kindly get this intention inserted soon: "For Catholic Chinese boys and girls in danger of being sold to pagans and the devil, after they have been baptized."

I am confronted with this heartrending scene with doubtful means of rescue.

ASK YOUR FRIENDS TO JOIN OUR "FISHING



Maryknoll Juniors



ing at most one or two of them. And if I rescue any more I can't possibly provide for them after my ordinary expenses of the missions are taken care of.

This is a special appeal to Juniors from Father Bauer. Let him see some evidence of your zeal!

PUZZLE WINNERS

(March)

First Prize—

Tommy Moynihan, *Scattle, Wash.*

Second Prize—

Joseph Hagan, *Providence, R. I.*

Third Prize—

James McDonnell, *Ozone Park, N. Y.*

Honorable Mention—

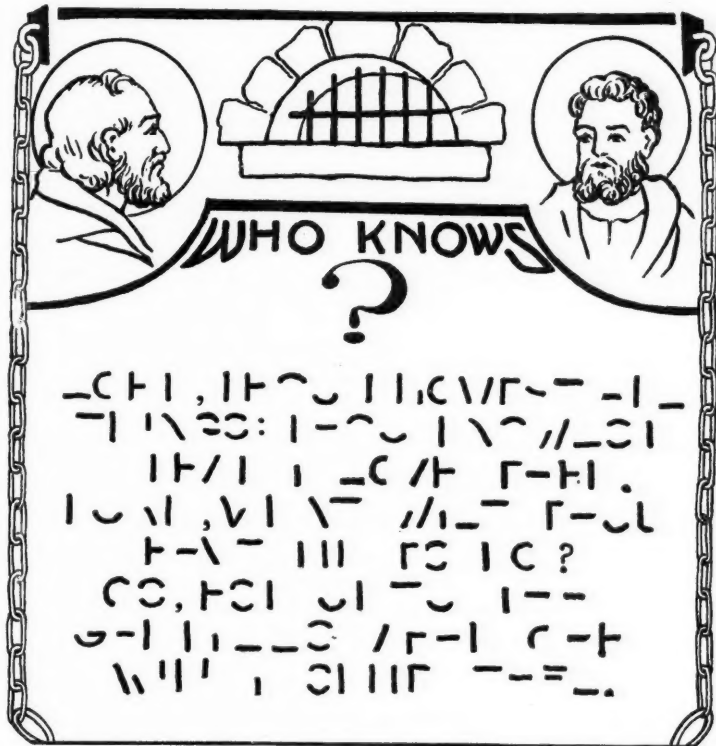
Donald Finn, *Cincinnati, Ohio*; Rose O'Toole, *Brighton, Mass.*; Helen Goodrich, *Roxbury, Mass.*; Ernest Schaefer, *Aurora, Ill.*; Daniel Berrigan, *Liverpool, N. Y.*; Jack Tiehen, *Denver, Colo.*; Tommy Lingard, *Burlingame, Calif.*; Nora O'Connor, *Wellesley Hills, Mass.*; Edmund Huser, *Pittsville, Wis.*; Dan Shea, *Wellesley Hills, Mass.*; Jeanne Heick, *Syracuse, N. Y.*; Bernice Maron, *Hackensack, N. J.*

The winners of the Mission Scrap Book Contest will be published in the July-August issue.

WE THANK YOU!

GIFTS from the following Juniors made Father Chin's Mission Bank Account mount higher and higher:

Elizabeth Thelen, *Fowler, Mich.*; Larry Gullo, *San Jose, Calif.*; Mary Elizabeth Canty, *Springfield, Mass.*; Mary Deacy, *New York, N. Y.*; Marie Schmitt, *Bayport, N. Y.*; Stephen Szumski, *Dupont, Penna.*; Resurrection School, *Brooklyn, N. Y.*; Fifth Grade Boys, *St. Patrick's School, Lawrence, Mass.*; Sixth and Seventh Grades, *St. John the Baptist School, Buffalo, N. Y.*; Our Lady of Maryknoll League, *Los Angeles, Calif.*; Fourth Grade, *St. Francis de Sales Academy, Bennington, Vt.*; Seventh Grade, *St. Thomas School, Wilmington, Del.*



Who are these two missioners and what have they written? To complete the puzzle add a line or two to each letter. Send your solution with your name, address and age to Father Chin before June thirtieth.

Welcome New Juniors!

PATRICIA DOWLING, *Brighton, Mass.*; Albert Pace, *Nashua, N. H.*; Helen O'Dea, *Brooklyn, N. Y.*; Jean Logue, *Woburn, Mass.*; John Burke, *Manchester, N. H.*; Frances J. Fleming, *Waltham, Mass.*; Nora O'Connor, *Wellesley Hills, Mass.*; Mary, Margaret, and Ann Hartney, *West Philadelphia, Penna.*; Edward and Joseph P. Zenner, *Portland, Ore.*; Margaret Fulton, *Somerville, Mass.*; Margaret Hayes, *Brooklyn, N. Y.*; Raymond F. Maryman, *Washington, D. C.*; Margaret Ryan, *Harrison, N. Y.*; Dorothy C. Kealy, *Brooklyn, N. Y.*; Eileen Marie Flynn,

New York, N. Y.; Charlotte Lischeske, *Highland, Wis.*; Idelle Harris, *San Francisco, Calif.*; Helen Lara, *San Diego, Calif.*; George G. Dolloff, *Melrose, Mass.*; Kenneth J. Carroll, *East Boston, Mass.*; Leone Nankee, *Highland, Wis.*; Marjorie Lynch, Patricia Kroft, Esther Theibert, Elmer Mazza, Peter Hiltz, and Harry John Lynch, *Sandusky, Ohio*; Theresa Viens, *Nashua, N. H.*; Clare Glynn, *San Francisco, Calif.*; Joseph Hare, *Cincinnati, Ohio*; Forty-two pupils of Room Seven, *St. Bridget's School, Minneapolis, Minn.*

PARTY." THE MORE THE MERRIER!



Students' Page



The Lourdes Mission Message

Following are excerpts from the essays winning first prizes in the contest. Mary Louise Cadigan attends St. Joseph's High School, Oil City, Penna.; and August Abraham, St. Lawrence College, Mt. Calvary, Wis.



Mary Louise
Cadigan

"PRAY and work for conversions." The mission message of the Immaculate Conception has penetrated the farthest corners of the earth. Our Lady of Lourdes is not French—

she is Catholic.

It is just seventy-six years ago that the image of Our Lady appeared at Lourdes to give a message to mankind and to strengthen the faith of a weakening world. "Penance! Penance! Penance!" said Our Lady, and Bernadette transmitted the prayer for conversions to the world.

The real purpose of Lourdes is not to work miracles, but to save souls. We are to pray for conversions—to pray that cold hearts will be warmed by Divine Love, that those who have "fled Him, down the nights and down the days", will at last follow the command, "Rise, clasp My hand, and come!"

We must work for conversions. The priests, of course, are the real missionaries, but the laity can do more than pray. By example we can teach, and by good works we can persuade.

—Mary Louise Cadigan.

TWO thousand years ago, Our Divine Lord, after establishing His Church, commanded the apostles to "Go, —into the whole world, and preach the gospel to every creature." This was the first mission message ever given to men. It is the nucleus of all mission activity.

Although this seed of life was divine, it was planted on earthly soil; and although it was nurtured at the springs of Eternal Life, yet, the plant was cultivated and tended by human hands. How should mere sinful creatures, even in

spite of their worthy efforts, be expected to preserve such an institution? They could not and were not expected to—alone. Therefore the first mission message was repeated, (not in the same words, but in essence the same) to the creatures of God. To cite but three instances:

At the time of Constantine, when a fierce conflict was waged between two world powers, a sign was given to the great ruler Constantine,—a sign in which



August J. Abraham

he conquered, and through which the Church was rejuvenated.

Then, in the Middle Ages, Francis of Assisi, living the gospel as perfectly as any man has ever lived it, brought back the spirit of the first Missioner and resuscitated the command "Go—preach the gospel to every creature." And so literally did he fulfill it, that he preached even to the birds of the air and sang sweet songs and composed passionate canticles to his brothers and sisters of nature—the elements of the earth.

Finally, when the Renaissance, with its hyper-brilliant learning *outshone* the divine wisdom of heaven, and when the

pride of the reformers in the sixteenth century veiled the *stupidity* of the Church with its still more stupid doctrines, Ignatius of Loyola with his learned followers was selected by the all-seeing eye of God to confound these false prophets of learning.

Such too, I think, was the design begotten in the mind of the Omniscient, such was the plan He conceived, when He deigned to allow the Mother of God to visit the world. The world was in a spirit of general unrest and discontent. Providence then favored the Church with another message—at Lourdes. The Queen of Heaven appealed to the world, which was represented by Bernadette, to revert to the doctrines of Christ.

If we consider this message from a special missionary viewpoint, namely, as a message addressed to missionaries, it holds a deeper and more mystical meaning. A threefold appeal may be deducted therefrom: an appeal for more intense belief, for penance and purity.

The appeal for faith, not faith which lies merely in words, not in the mere repetition of the *Credo*, but a faith pregnant, a faith productive and lively as observed in the example of Bernadette.

After faith has been strengthened, hope and love will deepen. But in order to intensify these three virtues, particularly faith, penance must be employed. Its importance is stressed in the oft repeated request of the Virgin Queen to Bernadette: "Penance! Penance! Penance!"

Perhaps purity is the most impressive message taught to missionaries at Lourdes. The entire scene was purity: the Virgin Mother of God, and an innocent child. The intrinsic purpose of the message was purity: the proclamation of the Immaculate Conception.

Intense belief, penance and purity: such is the message which Lourdes preaches to missionaries.

—August J. Abraham.

PRAY AND WORK FOR CONVERSIONS.



Our Sponsors



IN talking with Maryknoll Sponsors or in reading their letters we are frequently reminded of that great truth: *The measure of love is sacrifice.*

A twenty-two year old young man said recently to Maryknoll's New York representative: "I have little money and a poorly-paid job, but I feel I ought to make some sacrifice to spread my Faith, so I want to sponsor one of your missionaries for five days a month. I do it also to bring a blessing on the life of my eight-months-old baby."

Another Sponsor said: "I have been out of work for three years, Father, but I got a good job just yesterday. It pays \$4,500 a year, and I think I ought to show my gratitude to God for this blessing. I have many bills to pay, but you can count on me for \$30 a month to sponsor one of your missionaries."

A Maryknoll Sponsor in Brooklyn, N. Y., writes: "I should like you to apply the enclosed nine dollars toward the sponsoring during each of the nine days of my Novena of one Maryknoller in the Orient. This is the first time I haven't made my little donation 'stringless', and I know you will understand my motive. I want to feel that St. Francis Xavier will hear my petitions, and I know of no better way than that of supporting one of his followers."

An apostolic partner in the Bronx, New York City, sends the following message: "I pledge two dollars a month for one year. I am making this offering for my son, who is taking an examination. Maryknoll has helped me so much in the past that I am sure this will aid him."

In January, the *Chi Rho Circle* of Des Moines rounded out eleven years of service to the mission cause. From a recent report by their secretary, Miss Sara McBride, we quote the following:

Thirteen of our members who joined during the first year of our existence are still with us, and the others have been members for varying lengths of time. We have regularly a membership

of between twenty and twenty-five.

On the fourth Sunday of each month, except the summer ones, one or several members entertain and are responsible for the reading material and refreshments. *THE FIELD AFAR* is usually chosen for part of the reading. The opening prayers and the collection of dues are never missed. A plate collection takes care of the offerings for the monthly Mass and for Requiem Masses. The whole tone of our meeting is very informal.



THE TWO LEADING LADIES OF THE HIKEN OPERA, KOREA
Fr. Stephen Hannon, formerly of the Bronx, New York City, has assembled at his Hiken mission a now famous choir of the town's "young-cr set", and taught them to render with distinction such classics as "The Sidewalks of New York". In between times these Korean prima donnas mind their baby brothers

TEN dollars will supply one of our missionaries with Mass wine for a year. Will you provide for the Holy Sacrifice in a pagan land?

Last year, the annual June picnic took the form of a Sunday morning breakfast at Greenwood Park. In June also the Circle gave a card party which added fifty-three dollars to our funds. At this party we exhibited Mission Goods sent to us by the Maryknoll Sisters, and sold approximately thirty-four dollars' worth.

Shortly before the consecration of Bishop Walsh last June, the members received Holy Communion and offered it for his spiritual and temporal welfare.

We attended the lecture given by Father Bernard F. Meyer at St. John's auditorium in October. It makes us happy to feel that we have some share in Father Meyer's work.

A stringless gift was received recently from the *Pittston Venard Circle* of Pennsylvania, and we are sure it represented many sacrifices. May it also draw down many blessings.

The members of the *Saint Boniface Mission League* of Milwaukee have completely equipped a chapel for one of our young missionaries who hails from their city. This group will certainly be long remembered in the chapel where their gifts are installed!

Raymond Francis, Margaret Mary, and Joseph Anthony will be eternally grateful to *Our Mother of Perpetual Help Circle* of Brooklyn, for ransoming them from paganism.

For some time past St. Anne's Burse has headed our list of incomplete Major Seminary Student Burses, but now it will no longer appear, as a recent gift from *St. Ann's Circle*, of Brighton, Mass., has sent it "over the top". We extend our heartfelt thanks to this Circle, and especially to their zealous president, Mrs. Johanna Sullivan.

The interest from this \$5000.00 will be applied in perpetuity to the board, housing, and education of a student at our Major Seminary.

O Sacred Heart of Jesus, Thy Kingdom come in the Far East!

THE MISSIONARY SPIRIT IS THE SPIRIT OF CHRIST.

Solving Our Problems



Little Ah Mo finds the study of the catechism difficult, but his *gray matter* would be far more severely taxed were he to tackle the additions, multiplications—and subtractions which daily confront our Maryknoll Treasurer

WE are grateful for continued aid in the support of our missionaries. Many of our *Sponsor Friends* can afford only a small offering (frequently at the cost of real sacrifice), but the accumulation of small amounts means much to this work for God and souls.

If you would realize just how much it means, recall that we have 175 priests and 68 Brothers, not to mention our student body of 252, and that a minimum of a dollar a day is needed for the sustenance of each of these Maryknollers. Then multiply by the 30 days in a month, and the 12 months in a year—after which, bear in mind that we of Maryknoll, like many who serve God and His Church, live from day to day dependent on what comes in from scattered friends.

Notable offerings from *Sponsors* came recently from St. Paul, Minn., and Yonkers, N. Y.

Stringless Gifts, applied at once to some very pressing needs, were received from Randolph, Mass., New York City, Binghamton, N.Y., and Rochester, N.Y.

Our youngest Maryknoll, the Bedford, Massachusetts Novitiate, was gen-

erously remembered by benefactors in Arlington Heights, Mass., and East Boston, Mass.

Our *St. Anne Student Burse* has been completed by friends in Brighton, Mass.; a notable addition to the *St. Vincent de Paul Student Burse No. 2* was registered; and a new *Native Clergy Burse* was founded under the title of *Sacred Heart of Jesus and Our Lady of Perpetual Help Burse*.

Investments in *Maryknoll Annuities* were made by benefactors in Washington, D. C., and South Boston, Mass.

Our Bishop James E. Walsh of South China received a gift for the *Hospital in Sunning City* where Dr. Harry Blaber, of Brooklyn, N. Y., is at work.

The fields afar were also remembered by apostolic partners in Philadelphia, Pa., and New York City, who provided for the education of *Native Seminarians*; while the St. Robert's Circle, in Newark, N. J., made an offering for

the salary of a *Native Catechist*.

Since our last issue went to press we have been notified of a remembrance of Maryknoll in eight *Wills*, and legacies in favor of our mission work have been received from four others.

STUDENT BURSES

A *burse* is a sum of money drawing yearly interest which is applied to the board, housing and education of a student at the Maryknoll Seminary, or at one of its Preparatory Colleges in the United States.

FOR THE MAJOR SEMINARY
(\$5,000 each)

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL BURSE, No. 2.....	4,500.00
Michael J. Egan Memorial Burse.....	4,200.00
St. Anthony Burse.....	4,064.13
Kate McLaughlin Memorial Burse.....	4,050.00
Dunwoodie Seminary Burse.....	3,701.59
Pius X Burse.....	3,250.75
St. Michael Burse, No. 1.....	3,015.00
N. M. Burse.....	3,000.00
Bishop Molloy Burse.....	2,851.00
Byrne Memorial Burse.....	2,800.25
Marywood College Burse.....	2,782.00
Holy Child Jesus Burse.....	2,761.85
Our Lady of Mt. Carmel Burse.....	2,261.19
Our Lady of Lourdes Burse.....	2,255.63
Duluth Diocese Burse.....	2,211.70
Archbishop Ireland Burse.....	2,101.00
Bernadette of Lourdes Burse.....	1,930.09
St. Dominic Burse.....	1,902.19
Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Burse Immaculate Conception, Patron of America, Burse.....	1,737.66
St. Agnes Burse.....	1,483.28
Fr. Nummey Burse of Holy Child Jesus Parish of Richmond Hill.....	1,455.88
St. Francis Xavier Burse.....	1,402.55
St. Francis of Assisi, No. 2 Burse.....	1,390.38
St. John Baptist Burse.....	1,139.10
Manchester Diocese Burse.....	1,114.21
St. Boniface Burse.....	1,000.00
Sacred Heart Seminary Burse.....	948.65
St. Rita Burse.....	851.00
St. Laurence Burse.....	772.65
Children of Mary Burse.....	673.25
St. Joseph Burse, No. 2.....	655.79
St. Bridget Burse.....	647.20
Holy Family Burse.....	630.70
St. Joan of Arc Burse.....	582.25
The Holy Name Burse.....	503.61
St. Louis Archdiocese Burse.....	473.65
St. Jude Burse.....	430.00
St. John B. de la Salle Burse.....	411.06
All Saints Burse.....	292.00
Rev. George M. Fitzgerald Burse.....	260.78
St. John Berchmans Burse.....	233.00
Jesus Christ Crucified Burse.....	201.00
Newark Diocese Burse.....	190.50
SS. Peter and Paul Burse.....	157.00
St. Peter Burse.....	150.00
Queen of the Rosary Burse.....	106.07
Trinity "Wekandit" No. 2 Burse.....	105.00

FOR OUR PREPARATORY COLLEGES
(\$5,000 each)

IN HONOR OF THE SACRED HEARTS OF JESUS, MARY, AND JOSEPH BURSE.....	4,802.00
Sacred Heart of Jesus Burse (Reserved).....	4,500.00
"C" Burse II.....	1,851.60
Bl. Théophane Vénard Burse.....	1,727.86
Archbishop Hanna Burse (Los Altos).....	1,444.95

A Cloister Industry

SEVERAL members of the Maryknoll Sisters' pioneer cloistered community devote hours of each day to the task of baking and cutting ALTAR-BREADS.

It is surely a "labor of love", and for the past year and a half it has constituted about the only remunerative work of our enclosed Sisters. They are a little group as yet, but even contemplative-missioners must find an outlet for the work by which they would earn their daily sustenance, so we again ask the aid of interested friends in securing more patrons for our Cloister Sisters' ALTAR-BREADS.

Complete satisfaction for perfect service is the assurance which comes from all on their mailing-list. Will you help us add to it another name?

For information address:

The Maryknoll Cloister

Maryknoll New York

OUR ATTITUDE TOWARDS MISSIONS SHOWS HOW MUCH WE THINK

Rt. Rev. Michael J. Hoban Memorial Burse.....	1,232.00
Bl. Virgin Mary Sodality Burse...	1,001.00
Our Lady's Circle Burse (Los Altos)	925.00
St. Michael Burse.....	696.32
St. Aloysius Burse.....	690.10
Ven. Philippine Duchesne Burse (Los Altos).....	257.30
St. Philomena Burse.....	215.00
Holy Ghost Burse.....	133.00
Immaculate Conception Burse.....	119.00
St. Margaret Mary Burse.....	113.00

†On hand, but not available, as at present interest goes to donor.

NATIVE STUDENT BURSES

1,500 placed at interest will enable our missionaries to keep on Chinese aspirant to the priesthood at a seminary in China.

SS. ANN AND JOHN BURSE...	1,375.00
Blessed Sacrament Burse.....	1,325.50
Little Flower Burse.....	1,281.28
Our Lady of Lourdes Burse.....	1,218.00
Mater Admirabilis Burse.....	1,083.00
Souls in Purgatory Burse.....	1,076.50
Mary Mother of God Burse.....	808.13
Christ the King Burse, No. 2.....	702.00
McQuillen-Blömer Memorial Burse	700.00
Maryknoll Academia Burse.....	301.60
St. Patrick Burse.....	254.00
Sacred Heart of Jesus—F. W. Burse	200.00
Sacred Heart of Jesus and Our Lady of Perpetual Help Burse (Reserved).....	100.00

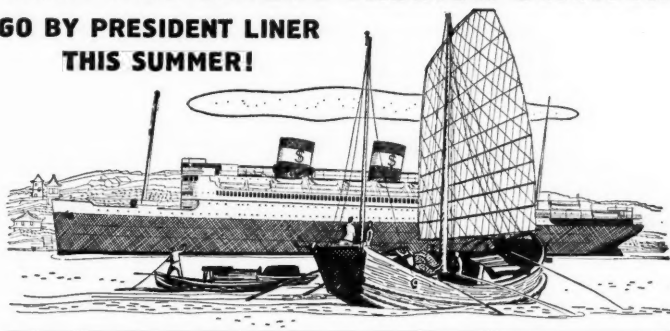
ET LUX PERPETUA LUCEAT EIS

WE ask prayers for the souls of the following deceased friends of the mission cause:

Rt. Rev. Msgr. J. R. Matthews; Rev. J. A. Crowley; Rev. M. F. Cowl; Rev. Joseph L. Early; Rev. Philip O'Donnell; Sr. M. Edward McCloskey; Srs. Mary Joachim and Lawrence; Mrs. J. C. Winn; Arthur Taylor; A. J. Tucker; Katherine Decker; Mary Delaney; Mrs. Brennan; Mrs. J. McDonnell; Mrs. Esther Buckley; J. Gallagher; John Ray; Wm. O'Rourke; E. F. Bauer; B. J. Gray; Maria Eagan; Mary Clarke; Mary Kirby; Captain W. J. Maxwell; John Schukosha; Miss B. A. Gilroy; James Nolan; R. Beaudoin; J. McDermott; John Porter; Catherine Hester; Eugene Dube; Mrs. Ellen Byrnes; Mrs. Henry Prinz; Mrs. Catherine Neary; Margaret Collon; M. C. Seaver; Denis O'Toole; Mrs. Gerhin; Mrs. O'Keefe; A. L. Belleffeur; Abigail Nugent; Mrs. Magdalena Weber; Catherine Clarke Coyne; Edith Kraft; Frank Chapman; Michael Moran; Mrs. Mary Spadinger; J. M. C. Basto; Daniel Barron; Herman Grondin; Joseph Werner; Michael Hogan; Hon. Victor Dowling; Mrs. V. Albrecht; Mary Gillick; Josephine Mathew; Geo. McFadden; Mary Bairley; D. A.

VISIT THE ORIENT MISSION STATIONS

GO BY PRESIDENT LINER
THIS SUMMER!



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We ask prayers for the late Honorable Victor J. Dowling of New York City, whose public record was a credit to his Church, his country, his family, and himself.

Justice Dowling was a member of the Corporation of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America from its foundation as a civil organization. He often remarked that his attendance at the yearly meeting was a spiritual treat, and on these occasions much profit was secured from his wise counsel. May his soul rest in peace!

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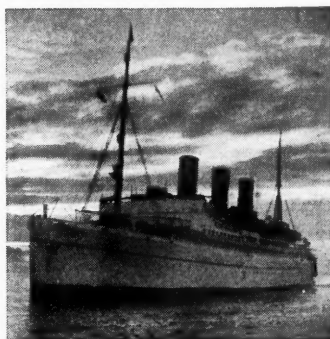
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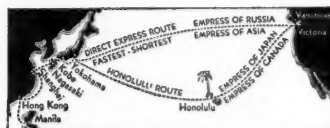
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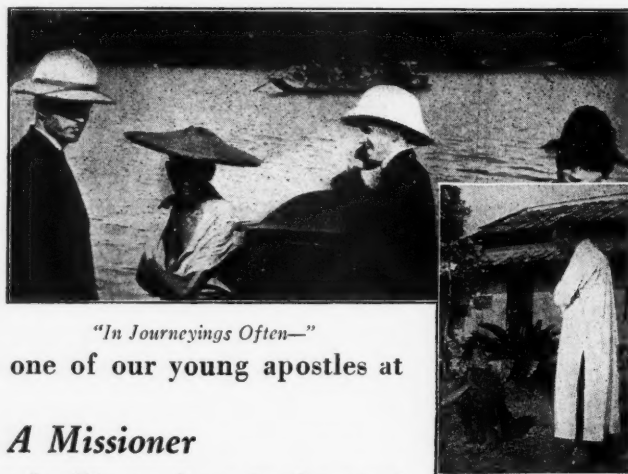
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